WHAT HAPPENED AFTER

By

PATTEN BEARD

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER JACK HAD KILLED HIS LAST GIANT

BEARD

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WHAT HAPPENED AFTER

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VOLUME II

WHAT HAPPENED TO RED RIDING HOOD IN THE GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE

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VOLUME VI

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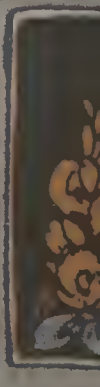

IN

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER

BY PATTEN BEARD

He sighed as he gave the water to the Prince.

From Secret Eleven—Jack the Giant-Killer.

What Happened After Stories

By

Patten Beard

Illustrated By

Violet Moore Higgins

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Chicago, U.S.A.

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To
Rachel, Olive, Robert,
and Calvin,
My little friends who love stories

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What Happened After

Little Rachel was playing Cinderella. Everybody else had gone to the party. In the whole big house, there was only Katie, the housemaid, who was in the kitchen, and Rachel, who sat close to the hearth in the library where the open fire glowed red and warm.

It seemed to Rachel that she was quite as lonely as Cinderella must have been, even though she had not been left to clean pots and pans and even though there were no cinders. She had so wanted to go to the party,—and then she had caught a cold and had had to stay home. She had watched the automobile roll off down the driveway and afterwards had come back to the hearth to curl up with the **Fairy Book** for company.

The **Fairy Book** was always companionable. On its cover there was a beautiful picture of Cinderella's fairy godmother. As Rachel turned the leaves, she found

in the book all the fairy stories that have been loved by children for centuries: Cinderella, Puss-in-Boots, Sleeping Beauty, Henny Penny, Dick Whittington and many more. Rachel always wondered what had become of them all after the stories ended. She often wished that she knew as she turned the leaves of the **Fairy Book.** Today, when she opened the book, right there before her was the picture of Cinderella sitting by the fire.

"Oh!" exclaimed Rachel to herself, "Oh! I wish I had the very same Fairy Godmother!" And then, suddenly she thought, "Oh, Oh! I'll wish for her and see if she'll come and help me to go to the party!" That, of course, was a splendid wish—a wish that maybe we, too, might have wished if we had been sitting beside the hearth.

And right then, a strange thing happened! For no sooner had Rachel made the wish than—there stood Cinderella's Fairy Godmother right beside the fireplace! There she was! In one hand she held her star-tipped wand. "I'm here, my dear," she smiled, "what do you want, Rachel?"

"Oh, Fairy Godmother, I want to go to the party," answered Rachel. "I'm so glad you came!"

But the Fairy Godmother shook her head. "I knew you would ask that," she laughed, "but it cannot be, Rachel! Your mother told you you must stay here and take care of your cold. She said you could not go outdoors today, didn't she?"

Rachel nodded. "You could make a magic wish and take me to the party somehow, couldn't you?" she

pleaded. "If it were a magic wish, I needn't take any more cold."

"I could not do it," the Fairy replied. "Because your mother told you to stay here by the fire; but I'll tell you what I will do, Rachel. I'll tell you some fairy stories!"

"All about the people in the **Fairy Book,"** Rachel suggested. "I always wanted to know what happened to them after the end of the stories in the book. Oh, I'd love to have you tell me that, Fairy Godmother!"

The Fairy smiled and took a seat in father's big armchair and Rachel curled up at her feet upon a small hassock. "Here's the picture book, Fairy dear," she suggested.

So the Fairy Godmother took the big book in her lap and opened it. "I'll tell you all about what happened in Fairyland," she agreed. "And we might as well start at the beginning, unless we begin at the back and go Chinese-fashion. Do you prefer to start at the back or the front?"

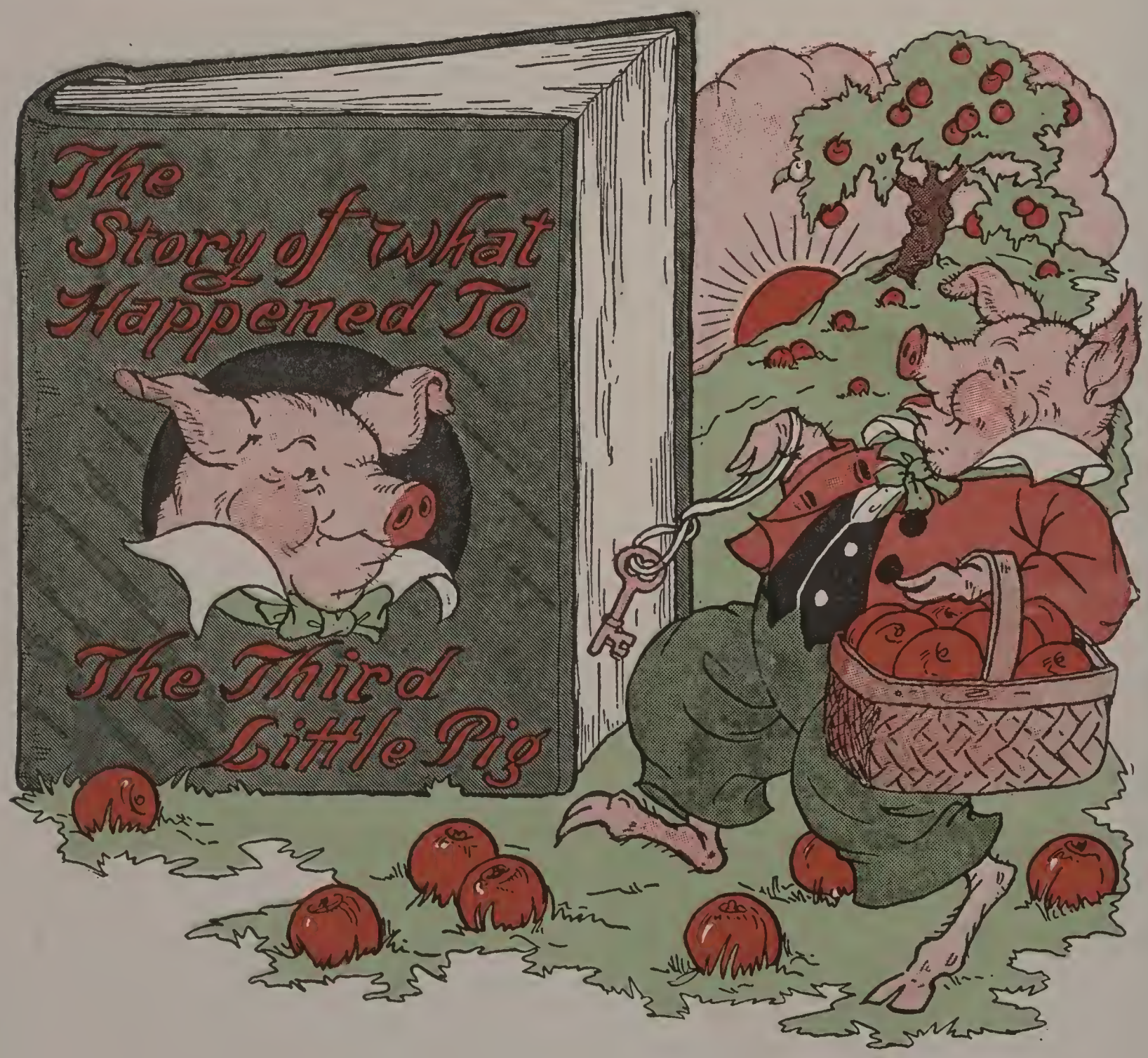
Rachel joyfully said, "The front, Fairy dear. First comes The Three Little Pigs. Then come Puss In Boots, The Three Bears, Henny Penny, Jack and the Beanstalk, the Babes in the Wood, Dick Whittington's Cat, Sleeping Beauty, Little Red Riding Hood, Beauty and the Beast and Jack the Giant Killer. Cinderella's Ugly Sisters is nicest of all and comes last of all. Please hurry and begin! Do you think there'll be time for **all?"**

The Fairy beamed as she said, "I'll tell you the secret about The Three Little Pigs." She turned over the leaf

of the **Fairy Book.** It opened to the picture of The Three Little Pigs.

"See!" said she, "this is the first story and I think you'll enjoy knowing all that happened to them."

"To be sure, Fairy dear," smiled Rachel. "I have always loved the Three Little Pigs! I want to know all about them. Please tell me their story!" And she snuggled close to the Fairy Godmother and the Fairy Godmother began:



Once upon a time there was an old pig with three little pigs; and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out into the world to seek their fortunes. We have heard the story of their adventures many times: the old wolf ate two of them after he had huffed and puffed and blown their houses in—and, last of all, he came tumbling down the chimney of the third little pig and fell into the kettle of boiling water that that little pig had put there.

This was once upon a time when he came to the brick house that belonged to the third little pig and the third little pig would not let him in. So the old wolf had huffed and puffed and puffed and huffed till he was tired. Then he had said, "Well, I'll come down the chimney!" So he did it and fell—SPLASH! down into the hot water!

"Wow!" howled the wolf then, "Wow! Help!"

But the third little pig stood on the kitchen hearth and smiled. "No! No!" he laughed. "I've got **you** now and I won't let you out! Squee-wee-wee!"

"Wow! Wow!" howled the wolf. "Let me out! Let me out! I shall be cooked in this hot water! I shall be scalded!"

But the little pig replied, "No, no! By the hair of my chinny-chin-chin, you are caught! You stay in! Squee-wee-wee!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll cool all the water with huffing and puffing," replied the old wolf. And he began to huff and puff the water.

But the little pig had another hot kettleful and he put more in as the rest got cool.

"Little Pig! Little Pig!" cried the old wolf, "Let me out! Wow! The water is hot! Have mercy, Little Pig! Wow! Wow!"

"You ate my brother who built his house out of straw and you ate my brother who built his house out of a bundle of wood," answered the little pig. "Do you think you deserve to be helped? Didn't you intend to come down this chimney and eat **me?"**

"Wow! Wow!" growled the wolf. "Wow! Wow! The water is hot! If you don't let me out, I shall be cooked! Have mercy, Little Pig! Let me out and I will be good—I will be good!"

So the old wolf splashed around in the hot kettle. "Honestly, Little Pig," he yelled. "Honestly and truly! I did not eat your brothers **all** up! I left their tails. I was going to pickle them for winter. They are on the pantry shelf at home now."

"That is nothing to me," returned the third little pig. "My brothers are more than their tails! Squee-wee-wee!"

"Yes, I know," returned the old wolf, splashing hard in the kettle of hot water, trying to get out, "but all will be well again if you do as I say: Let me out! Wow! Wow! Wow! The water is hot and I shall be cooked if you do not hurry!"

"By the hair of my chinny-chin-chin, you are caught and stay in," replied the little pig. "Squee-wee-wee!"

So the old wolf howled and he growled, and he huffed and he puffed, "Wow! Wow!"

The little pig stood on the kitchen hearth and he felt rather sorry for the old wolf, for he was, after all, a kind little pig and at last he said, "What good are my brother's uneaten tails to me? Squee-wee-wee!"

"Wow! Wow!" splashed the old wolf, "don't you know that all little pigs root? Wow! Wow! Let me out and I will help you get your brothers again! Wow! Wow!"

"I will not!" answered the third little pig, pouring in to the kettle more hot water. "By the hair of my chinny-chin-chin, you are caught—you stay in! Squee-wee-wee!"

"I will be good! Oh, I will be good," howled the wolf. "Wow! Wow!"

"Well," considered the third little pig, "tell me how you would be when you are good? Squee-wee-wee!"

"Little pigs always root," replied the old wolf. "Wow! Wow! If you plant the tails, they will grow and soon you will have your brothers with you again! Wow! Wow!"

"Is that so?" asked the third little pig. "Squee-wee-wee!"

"It is!" declared the old wolf. "Don't you know that they are like curly grapevine tendrils—and don't **they** grow? Wow! Wow!"

"How?"

"Plant the tails," declared the old wolf. "Let me out and I will help you! Wow! Wow!"

At first the little pig seemed doubtful but at last he decided to let the old wolf out for he promised faithfully to do no harm, and he said he knew exactly where the tails were.

"Will you huff and puff at my house, if I let you out?"

"Wow! Wow!" returned the old wolf. "No! No!"

"Will you try to eat me up? Squee-wee-wee?"

"No! No! Wow! Wow!" answered the old wolf.

So the little pig took a Turkish towel and he helped the old wolf out of the hot bath and gave it to him to rub himself dry. When he was quite dry, he was very meek and he looked very forlorn indeed. "Come," said he, "I will lead you to my house."

So the old wolf led the way and the third little pig followed. Squee-wee-wee.

Soon they came to the turnip field.

"Are you sorry for all the mischief that you have done?" asked the third little pig. "Squee-wee-wee!"

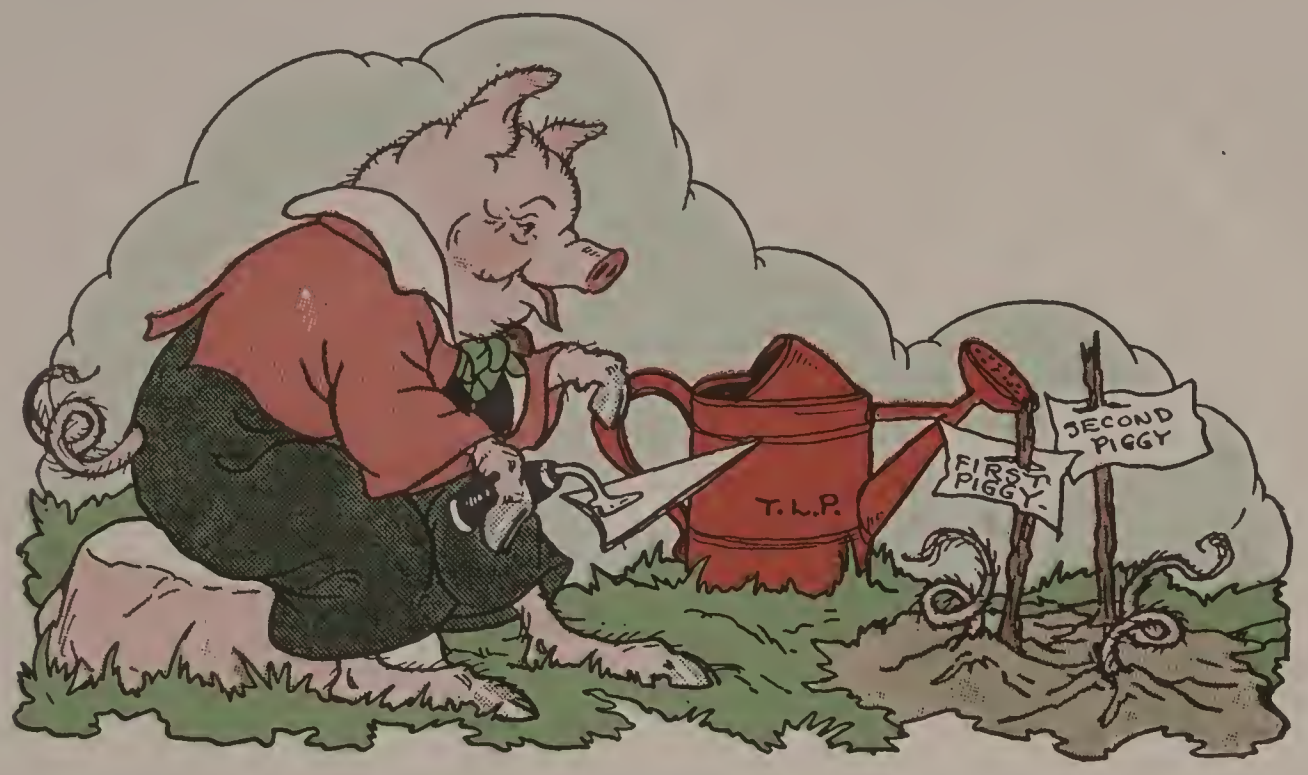
"Very! Wow! Wow!" answered the old wolf and they went on to Farmer Jones' farm and trotted together through the apple orchard.

"Are you going to be good always?" asked the third little pig. "Squee-wee-wee!"

"Yes! Yes!" the old wolf answered. "I will never huff or puff again! I will never eat any more little pigs! I will never try to come down your chimney! Wow! Wow!"

So at last they came to the old wolf's house and they

Little Pig took a turkish towel and he helped the old wolf out.



So they were planted and they at once began to root.

went into the pantry and—sure enough—there were the tails!

So they were planted and, they at once began to root. Very soon, two little pink snouts showed in the earth and these grew and grew till very soon there were two little pigs. Squee-wee-wee!

The one squealed, "Weezy-wee, dear brother! How glad I am to see you!"

The other squealed, "Squeezy-weezy-wee! How glad I am to be here!"

And then the third little pig cried, "Squee-wee-wee! How perfectly lovely!"

So the three trotted home to the brick house together and they all lived happily ever after.

As for the old wolf, he quite reformed, Wow! Wow! He never huffed or puffed any more. He never ate

any more little pigs and he never tried to come down the chimney of the brick house. Wow! Wow!

So the Fairy Godmother ended the story with a chuckle.

"Squee-wee-wee," laughed Rachel. "I like that story," and she laughed outright. And the Fairy Godmother laughed too. Then she turned over the page of the **Fairy Book** till it opened at the picture of Puss in Boots.

Little Rachel looked thoughtfully down at the picture of Puss in Boots. "I like Puss in Boots, Fairy Godmother," she said, "yet, it seems to me—and it always has seemed to me—that he told untruths! At least, I should call them untruths."

"He did," answered the Fairy Godmother. "He did! Of course, he was only a cat but even a cat should have known better and I think I rather blame the Miller's Youngest Son for not telling him positively that it was wrong."

"Exactly," replied Rachel. "He ought not to have told untruths even to help his master."

"No!" declared the Fairy. "Wrong is never right! And there is only one thing that could have happened and that did happen afterwards. Listen, and I will tell you."

There was once upon a time a miller who had three sons. When he died, he left his mill to his eldest son, his ass to the second son, and to his youngest he left his cat.

We know the story of the Miller's Youngest Son and his cat, Puss in Boots. We know then that the Miller's Youngest Son married a princess and went to live in the ogre's castle under the name of the Marquis of Carabas.

But, as things happen that are wrong, truth soon came right and showed how untrue wrong had been: the king who was the father of the princess found out that the Miller's Youngest Son was no marquis at all and that he lived in a castle that Puss had stolen for him.

"Alas!" cried the king, "send the Miller's Youngest Son to me! I must know all about this."

So the Miller's Youngest Son came to the king and he was very sorry. With him came Puss.

"I have called you to account for yourselves," said the king. "I hear that you are the Miller's Youngest Son and that you are **not** the Marquis of Carabas, as your cat said. You have deceived me. It is not through your own worth that you have gained a princess and a fortune. It is through untruth. You have proved that you do not deserve the princess or the castle, or the fortune. And as all are mine and of my kingdom, I will take them away till you can prove that you really merit them. And I will give you a year and a day to prove your worth, earn a castle and make a fortune. Then the princess shall be yours—but not till then!"

"My cat erred through faithfulness to me," said the Miller's Youngest Son. "I will return to the mill and I will start where I began as the Miller's Youngest Son, without wealth. My cat shall not help me. In a year and a day I will prove my real worth and win a castle and a fortune. Then I shall come to claim the princess who will be rightfully mine!"

So saying, the Miller's Youngest Son returned to the

mill. He put on his old ragged clothes and had not a penny in his pocket.

As he was sitting beside the mill-dam wondering how he could start to win fame and fortune, he chanced to put his hand in his pocket. There he felt a piece of twine. "Best not be idle," said he to himself. So he fashioned a fish-line and fished while he tried to make a plan.

Presently, he felt a nibble and there upon his hook was a fine large fish. Indeed, the Miller's Youngest Son soon had what might make a good supper. And as he was rising, a teamster drove over the mill-bridge and hailed him. "My good man," said he, "I see you have been fishing."

"Yes," returned the Miller's Youngest Son. "But the fish are worth little to me. They would make a good supper but I have neither fire nor hearth nor home in which to cook them. I have not a penny in the world and I want to earn fame and fortune."

"Aha," replied the teamster. "What were you going to do about it when I hailed you?"

"I was going to send one fish as a present to the King; I was going to give one fish to Puss, and the third fish I was going to sell for my supper."

"Well," declared the teamster. "Come home with me and my wife will cook the third fish for you. We will all share it for supper and if you need a roof to keep you warm till tomorrow, I have a warm bed you may have at my hut."

So the Miller's Youngest Son sent the King his gift with compliments from **him** and not from the Marquis of Carabas. The teamster's boy took it to the castle and he said that Puss, too, was delighted with her gift.

They ate the third fish for supper and the Miller's Youngest Son stayed at the hut over night.

In the morning, he started out again. He came to a field where there were reapers. "Is there work to do here?" he asked. "I have not a penny in my pocket and I am starting out to win both fame and fortune. I am the Miller's Youngest Son who has nothing in the world but a strong pair of arms and a good kind cat."

The reapers nodded and they gave him work. Indeed, he worked so well and faithfully that as long as there was reaping, the Miller's Youngest Son had work.

When the reaping was done, the Miller's Youngest Son had earned a pretty penny to start him toward fame and fortune.

When he was jogging along the highway wondering what he might next do to turn his good right arm into account and win fame and fortune honestly, he came to a signpost that read:

"Take Notice, all ye who pass this way! Be it known that in these parts close by there dwells an ogre so cruel that he will kill any whom he may find. And be it known that the king will give to the one who will slay this ogre half his kingdom."

"Aha!" cried the Miller's Youngest Son. "Here is my chance! I have no sword but I will buy me one with my pretty penny."

So he jogged onward to the town and there he bought him as fine and strong a sword as the pretty penny would buy. And next day he set out toward the ogre's castle to slay the ogre. "If I have but courage to fight the ogre," thought the Miller's Youngest Son, "I shall win fame and fortune with my good right arm, honestly." So he said as he jogged on toward the ogre's castle with his sword. "It is a good test of courage," said he. "Ho!" he cried as he came to the ogre's gate. "Open! I am the Miller's Youngest Son and am come to gain fame and fortune here as the king has decreed."

"Aha! Here is my chance."

When the ogre heard this, he laughed. "Do you not know that I could eat you in two whole bites?"

"If you can," returned the Miller's Youngest Son. "Then I hope you are not hungry for I do not care to be eaten. Could you fight with me hand to hand instead?"

"Surely," returned the ogre and his laugh was like the roaring of thunder. He burst the castle gate open and he fell upon the Miller's Youngest Son in his wrath!

But the Miller's Youngest Son had true courage and

he had a good sword that he had bought with his pretty penny—besides he had a good strong right arm. And as they fought, the gaining side was with the Miller's Youngest Son for the ogre was fat and heavy although he was so powerful.

At last, the Miller's Youngest Son dealt the ogre such a blow that he fell down flat and died. Then the Miller's Youngest Son took the sword of the ogre and set out with it to show the king that he had rid the kingdom of the great and cruel ogre.

At last he arrived at the castle gate and he called to have the castle gate opened to him. "I am the Miller's Youngest Son," he cried, "but I have killed the ogre."

Then the king himself came out to meet the Miller's Youngest Son and he said, "My son, you have won fame and fortune. Yours is the half of my kingdom. To you shall be given the fine castle of the ogre. Come with me and feast! The hand of the princess is yours again and we must celebrate with great joy the fact that wrong is made right!"

So the Miller's Youngest Son went to live with the princess in the castle and he ruled over half of the king's domain. Puss lived with them, happily, and all went well.

The Fairy Godmother closed the story of Puss in Boots and turned over the leaf. "I think Puss learned right from wrong too," said she as she opened the **Fairy Book** to the next story.

As fine a sword as the pretty penny would buy.

The next story was the story of The Three Bears and when the Fairy Godmother turned over the leaf of the **Fairy Book,** there was Goldilocks running down the path from the little house in the wood with the three bears scampering after her.

"Oh, it's splendid to have you tell me all these stories, Fairy dear," smiled Rachel. "I'm going to give you a big bear hug before we go any further! Will you let me?"

For answer, the Fairy Godmother folded her wings close. "Don't rumple my wings," she cautioned. "You must be a tiny wee bear, Rachel," she laughed after the squeeze. "I don't often have a hug from a little girl but I'd often like to hug little girls!"

"And now the story of what happened to the Three Bears and Goldilocks," urged Rachel, seating herself on the arm of the chair and pointing to the picture. "I always felt that as Goldilocks had done such mischief, she ought to have made it right. If anybody had come to see me and had broken down my chair, I should expect them to mend it for me afterwards— wouldn't you think that would be right? Really, if I did such a thing, mother'd want me to give a new one myself and I'd buy it with my own pocket money."

"You're right," declared the fairy. "But listen! I'm going to tell you now all that happened when Goldilocks ran off down the woodpath with the Three Bears at her heels. And the Fairy Godmother began to tell about

Once upon a time, as we all remember, there lived in a far country a little girl called Goldilocks who started off into a wood one day to gather flowers. We know what happened. She found a little house that was the home of the Great Big Bear, the Middling-Sized Bear and the Little Tiny Wee Bear. We know how she went into the house; how she tasted the porridge; how she ate up all that belonged to the Little Tiny Wee Bear; how she broke down his chair and mussed up the bears' beds and, finally, fell fast asleep upon the most comfortable

bed, till she was wakened by the home-coming of the three bears.

Well! When she heard them come in, Goldilocks, as we know, jumped from the window and dashed down the path as fast as she could go. And she never stopped to say, "I'm sorry for all my naughtiness!"

It was a very long chase. Goldilocks ran as fast as a deer and was soon lost to sight in the forest. The Great Big Bear finally stopped running for he was quite out of breath. "Gr-r-r-r!" he growled, "I can't go so fast any more! Gr-r-r-r," he growled again in a great big growl, "I will sit down here and rest. Middling-Sized Bear will catch the little girl and bring her back." So he sat down on the path to rest.

The Middling-Sized Bear ran on and on through the wood but she did not see Goldilocks. By and by, she too began to get tired and she growled, "Gr-r-r-r," in a middling-sized voice, "Gr-r-r-r!" and she said, "I'm tired out and I can't go any further till I'm rested. I will let Little Tiny Bear catch Goldilocks." So she sat down on a bed of fern and stayed there.

The Little Tiny Bear, however, ran on and on, and on through the forest as fast as he could go. Sometimes, he thought that he could catch a glimpse of Goldilocks as she disappeared around the path in front of him. So he kept on, and on, and on till at last he came to a cottage at the edge of the wood.

"Maybe," said the Little Tiny Wee Bear to himself, "Maybe this is Goldilock's home. I will go in and see if

The table was all set for supper.

she is there." So he went to the door and knocked: rat-tat-tat.

Nobody answered. "Perhaps she is hiding," thought he, so he opened the door and as there seemed nobody about, he went in to see if he could find Goldilocks.

As he entered the house, he came upon the dining-room and he peeped in there. The table was all set for supper and on it there were three plates of blackberries and honey-cakes. One plate was a great big plate; the other was a middling-sized plate and there was also a little tiny wee plate that exactly fitted the Little Tiny Wee Bear's size! "Oh, I wish I could have just one honey cake," sighed the Little Tiny Wee Bear. "Oh, I wish I might take just one blackberry from the dish! It would never be missed!" But he passed by the great big plate-

ful and the middling-sized plateful, and the little tiny wee plate that exactly suited him and he went on into the next room that was the parlor.

In the parlor were three chairs. One was a great big chair; another was a middling-sized chair, and there was also a little tiny wee chair that exactly suited the Little Tiny Wee Bear! It had a blue cushion on it and it did look inviting! "Oh, I'd like to sit right down there and rest," sighed the Little Tiny Wee Bear. But he did not do it even though he was tired for he had not been invited into the house at all. He went into the next room, trying to find Goldilocks.

The next room was a bed room. In it were three beds. One was a great big bed, another was a middling-sized bed, and there was a most beautiful little tiny bed also. It seemed to the Little Tiny Bear that no little tiny bed had ever looked so inviting. He was quite tired out and he had not found Goldilocks at all! He wanted to lie down and take a nap.

BUT, the Little Tiny Bear had been taught that he must never lie down on nice clean bed-spreads in the day-time and he knew very well that it would not be polite to go to sleep on that little tiny bed that was not his to lie down upon, so he turned to go out of the room and out of the house WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, he came face to face with Goldilocks!

"Oh, Oh!" cried the Little Tiny Wee Bear in a little tiny wee voice, "Oh, Oh! I have found you at last! Do you know what you did in my house, Little Girl?"

Came face to face with Goldilocks.

Goldilocks looked as if she wanted to run away but she was not really afraid of the Little Tiny Wee Bear and she **was** ashamed of herself for what naughtiness she had done. "I'm sorry, Little Tiny Wee Bear," she said. "I'm very sorry! I will never do it again!"

"It was my bowl of porridge!" declared the Little Tiny Wee Bear in a little tiny wee voice. "It was my little chair! And it is all broken down! Besides that, you mussed up my little tiny wee bed too! And you ran off without saying you were sorry! You deserved to be caught."

"I know it," answered Goldilocks. "But I am sorry. I will give you all my little tiny wee plateful of blackberries and all my honey cake that is downstairs; I will give you my own little tiny wee chair in return for the one I broke—and I will come back with you and smooth out the wrinkles in your little tiny wee bed's lovely white spread if you will let me."

"Thank you," answered the Little Tiny Wee Bear. "If you are sorry, you won't do it again."

"No," returned Goldilocks.

And she never did it again. The Little Tiny Wee Bear said in a little tiny wee voice that he forgave her—and they were friends ever afterwards.

And as for the Great Big Bear and the Middling-Sized Bear, when they were rested, they both trotted home and they too forgave Goldilocks when the Little Tiny Wee Bear came home and told them all about it.

Here, the Fairy finished the story of what had happened to the Little Tiny Wee Bear. "He was a good Little Tiny Wee Bear, wasn't he, Rachel?"

Rachel nodded. "I think," said she, "that it was good of Goldilocks to give her own little tiny wee chair to the Little Tiny Wee Bear. I'm sure he liked the blackberries and the honey cake. Maybe, when he went home, he had a good nap on his own little tiny wee bed!"

"Indeed he **did,**" the Fairy answered and then she turned over the leaf of the **Fairy Book** to the next secret.

The next leaf of the **Fairy Book** was turned to the secret of Henny Penny. There was the picture! Rachel always had to laugh when she saw it, just as she always had to laugh at the story.

"I do love this story," she smiled, "don't you think everybody does, Fairy Godmother dear?"

The Fairy chuckled. "Of course," she replied. "And there's even more than you've ever heard of before. Wait till I tell the secret of

There was once upon a time when Foxy-Woxy made two bites at Cocky-Locky but didn't catch him. He ran into a rabbit hole and escaped. As for Henny-Penny, as soon as she saw what had happened, she turned tail and ran toward home as fast as her two feet could carry her and she forgetting all about telling the king that the sky was going to fall. This was the time when Cocky-Locky came out of the rabbit hole and set out to tell the queen that Foxy-Woxy had eaten Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey, and Ducky-Daddles.

He went along, and he went along, and he went along till he met Kitty-Catty. "Where are you going, Cocky-Locky?" asked Kitty-Catty. "May I come with you?"

"Certainly," replied Cocky-Locky. "I am going to tell the queen that Foxy-Woxy has made two bites at Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey, Ducky-Daddles and has eaten them all up and I want to tell the king that the sky is falling."

So Kitty-Catty went with Cocky-Locky to find the queen.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Doggie-Woggie. "Where are you going, Cocky-Locky and Kitty-Catty?" asked Doggie-Woggie. "May I come with you?"

"Certainly," replied Cocky-Locky and Kitty-Catty. "We are going to tell the queen that Foxy-Woxy has made two bites at Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey, Ducky-Daddles and has eaten them all up and we want

to tell the king that Henny-Penny says the sky is falling."

So they went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Piggie-Wiggie. "Where are you going?" asked Piggie-Wiggie. "May I come with you?"

"Certainly," replied Cocky-Locky, Kitty-Catty, Doggie-Woggie. "We are going to tell the queen that Foxy-Woxy has made two bites at Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey, Ducky-Daddles and has eaten them all up and we want to tell the king that Henny-Penny says the sky is falling."

So Piggie-Wiggie went with Cocky-Locky, Kitty-Catty, Doggie-Woggie.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Donkey-Lonkey. "Where are you going?" asked Donkey-Lonkey. "May I come with you?"

"Certainly," replid Cocky-Locky, Kitty-Catty, Doggie-Woggie, Piggie-Wiggie. "We are going to tell the queen that Foxy-Woxy has made two bites at Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey, Ducky-Daddles and has eaten them all and we want to tell the king that Henny-Penny says the sky is falling."

So Donkey-Lonkey went with Cocky-Locky, Kitty-Catty, Doggie-Woggie, Piggie-Wiggie.

They went along, and they went along, and they went along till they met Wolfie-Poolfie. "Where are you going?" asked Wolfie-Poolfie. "May I go with you?"

"Certainly," replied Cocky-Locky, Kitty-Catty, Dog-

gie-Woggie, Piggie-Wiggie, Donkey-Lonkey. "We are going to tell the queen that Foxy-Woxy has made two bites at Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey, Ducky-Daddles and has eaten them all up and we want to tell the king that Henny-Penny says the sky is falling."

"Oh, but that is not the right way to go," said Wolfie-Poolfie. "You'll soon get to the queen's palace if you follow me for I know the short way there."

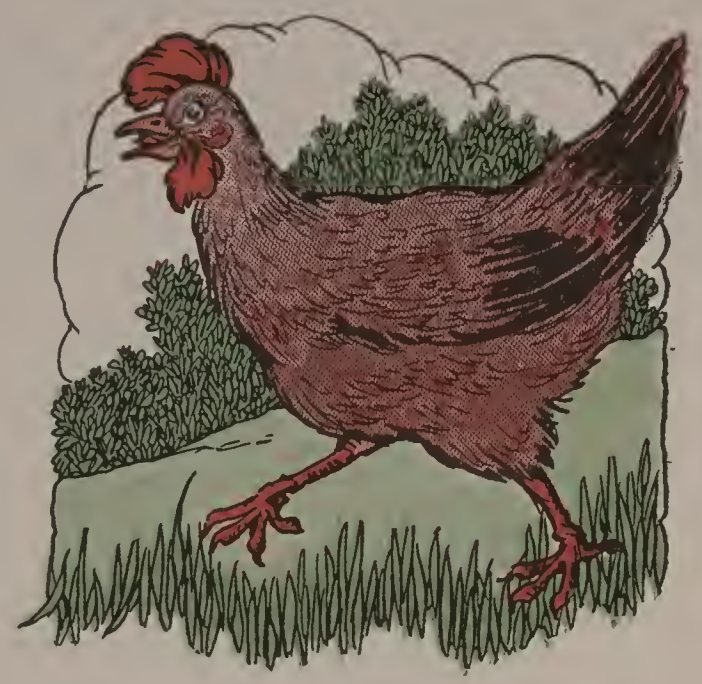
"Why of course, certainly, without doubt, why not?" said Cocky-Locky, Kitty-Catty, Doggie-Woggie, Piggie-Wiggie, Donkey-Lonkey.

So Wolfie-Poolfie ran along, and ran along and ran along and he ran right into a great deep black den but he didn't go very far for he turned around to wait for Cocky-Locky, Kitty-Catty, Doggie-Woggie, Piggie-Wiggie, Donkey-Lonkey.

Then Kitty-Catty said, "Look out! I think this is just what Foxy-Woxy did to Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey, Ducky-Daddles!" And she spoke to Doggie-Woggie, who spoke to Piggie-Wiggie, who spoke to Donkey-Lonkey, who told Cocky-Locky.

Then they all turned tail and ran home just as Henny-Penny had done. Nobody ever told the queen that Foxy-Woxy had made two bites at Turkey-Lurkey, Goosey-Poosey, Ducky-Daddles and had eaten them all up—nor did anybody ever tell the king that Henny-Penny said the sky was falling!

So the Fairy finished. "And," said she, "you know,



Just as Henny Penny had done.

Rachel, that the sky never falls—it is only worry that makes people fret about things that never happen."

Rachel chuckled. And the Fairy turned over the leaf of the **Fairy Book** to the next story page.

Secret Five

"Such a funny hen as Henny-Penny!" laughed Rachel as the Fairy smoothed out the new page to the picture of Jack and his Beanstalk. "I wish you would tell all the story over again for I always loved Henny-Penny, Ducky-Lucky and the rest!"

But the Fairy Godmother shook her head. "No, dear," she said. "You know it now—all of it, dear! I must hurry on with the next story which I'm sure you'll like. I have only made time for the telling of twelve stories and now we must consider Jack and his Beanstalk."

"Do you think Jack was a silly to sell his good cow for a handful of beans, Fairy?" asked Rachel. "It did seem to be rather more sensible than it sounds but I hardly think I would have done it myself."

The Fairy Godmother chuckled. She did not answer. And then she began

"There was once upon a time when Jack's beanstalk was cut down just in the nick of time. This was when the giant fell headlong into the garden and was killed and when the boy came back to his mother's cottage with his fortune that the ogre had stolen long ago.

The two of them lived happily and well for a long time and then, at last, Jack began to long again for adventures.

He wished daily that he might find another hatful of beans to plant in the garden. He longed to climb up another beanstalk and explore all the strange land that lay above. He wished to see what the castle was like now and he wondered if the ogre's wife still lived there.

Though he asked many people and many gardeners about magic beans, he could find none that had ever seen them or knew where they might be found. When he spoke to his mother about it, she only sighed and begged him not to think of going up there again. She reminded him of the fact that they had all the wealth that they could use and that they were now happy and had nothing more to desire.

And yet Jack was restless and thought of nothing but of going up a beanstalk again to find what he could in the land above.

"I will dress up as a farmer," he thought, "and I will find the best cow in our barns. Then I will go and look for a man who will give me a hatful of beans in return for her." So thinking, he made his plan and one day when his mother had gone off on a visit, he went to the barn and took from it a fine red cow. He tied her horns with a rope and soon set out up the road that led toward the fair-grounds.

Over hill and over dale went Jack with the cow. Everybody he met, he asked, "Do you want to buy a fine red cow in exchange for a hatful of beans?"

People thought him foolish and they smiled to each other and passed him by. But at last he met a man who

was crafty and he said, "Ah, to be sure I do, my man! Here are the beans!" And he gave Jack a hatful then and there.

At first, Jack looked at the beans and was much pleased with his bargain, thinking he had at last found some that were worth far more than the price of the red cow. But as he examined them at home, they seemed to differ from the magic beans of old time and he was doubtful. Nevertheless, he planted them where the old beanstalk had stood in the garden. He did this at night just after sunset and so anxious was he to see what might happen that he sat up all night watching the spot.

But nothing happened. And in the morning, he knew that they had not been magic beans at all! There was not even the sign of a green sprout to herald the start of a new beanstalk!

Jack was very disappointed. But he thought, "I will try again!" So he dressed himself as before and he went to the barn and took from it a fine black cow. Then, with a rope about her horns, he set out over hill and over dale to the fair-grounds.

He asked everybody whom he met if they could tell him where to find the magic beans for he was now on his guard against getting the worst of the bargain as he had on the previous day.

He met the man who had sold him the beans and taken his red cow. This man professed that Jack had not received the right beans. "I may have made a mistake," he said, "for I have many kinds of magic beans. Per-

haps when you return to your home, these will have grown into fine vines for some take longer than others to sprout and grow."

But Jack did not believe him. And when the man offered to sell him others to try—in exchange for the black cow—Jack would have nothing to do with the bargain.

On he went over hill and over dale till he met an old woman who said she had in her basket the very kind he desired. He looked at them and thought they seemed very like the magical beans from which the beanstalk had grown, so he gave the fine black cow to the old woman and he set homeward at once with his hatful of beans.

Then, again, he planted the beans in the garden and sat watching all the night through to see if anything was going to come up. Though he watched and he watched, nothing showed. Every short space of time, Jack examined the ground. Yet when daylight came at last there was not the slightest trace of a green sprout anywhere! And Jack acknowledged that he had been fooled again. He decided to be more on his guard next time.

So, the following day, he dressed himself and went to his barn and took from it a fine white cow. He put a rope about her horns and he led her off over hill and over dale toward the fair-grounds. He met the man to whom he had sold the red cow and he met the woman to whom he had sold the black cow but though both tried to bargain with him again, he passed them by. "I will have none of them," he said to himself. "I will not give my

white cow except for beans that I am quite sure are right." And so he jogged on over hill and over dale, while the white cow jogged along behind him, pulling at the rope that was tied to her horns.

At last, toward evening, he came to a little wood near a town and there he sat down to rest.

He was tired and hungry. And while he rested, he put his hand in his pocket and took from it a red apple he had picked up. He was about to eat it when a gray dwarf jumped from behind a bush and sat down beside him. "I know who you are," said the dwarf, "and if you will give me the apple, I will tell you where you can find the magic beans."

"A bargain is a bargain," declared Jack and he handed the gray dwarf the red apple. "Now," said he, "where is it that I may find the magic beans?"

"Turn to your right and turn to your left," said the dwarf. "Go straight on till you reach the place where three roads seem to go nowhere. At the top of a hill, there lives in a wood an old witch. Ask her for the beans."

So Jack went on over hill and over dale. He turned to his right and to his left and he reached the place where three roads seemed to go nowhere. Then, at last, he came to the wood where the old witch lived and he knocked, rat-a-tat-tat, at the door of her hovel.

"Yes," said the witch, "I have the beans. I will give you a hatful in exchange for the white cow, but I must

He was about to eat it when a gray dwarf jumped out.

have more than this for them. You may give me, too, the kettle that cooks without a fire."

But Jack turned away from her door with the white cow for he could not give her the kettle that cooks without a fire and he did not know where to find it.

Alas! He knew not what to do and he sat down by the roadside to consider the matter. Hardly had he sat down when from the wayside bushes there jumped the gray dwarf again. "A bargain is a bargain," he chuckled. "I have come to help you out of your trouble."

"Alas," said Jack. "How can I repay you? I have no apples left and no money at all."

But the dwarf said, "If you will but take me up the beanstalk with you when it is grown, I will give you the kettle that cooks without a fire for I know where it is to be found."

Now Jack did not want to share his adventure with the dwarf. He would have preferred to use his beanstalk for his own adventure but he gave his promise. And off went the dwarf to get the kettle.

After some time, he came back with it and Jack set out to give it to the witch. With him went the dwarf and waited at the turning.

So Jack gave the kettle that would cook without fire to the old witch and he obtained from her a hatful of beans in exchange for his white cow.

When Jack had the beans in his hat, then, more than ever, he repented of his bargain. He met the dwarf at the crossroads and the two jogged homeward over hill

and over dale. "A bargain is a bargain," quoth Jack to himself. "If the dwarf has my promise, a promise may not be broken." And so the two jogged on over hill and over dale till they came to Jack's house and his garden.

Then they planted the beans where the others had been and hardly had the beans touched the earth when suddenly there sprang from them a thick and wonderful vine that was so like the first beanstalk, you would never have known the difference between the two.

Up it went Jack and after him went the dwarf and they clambered up, and up, and up, and up till at last they came to the Land of the Ogre's Castle.

Into it they went and found none there. The castle had been deserted. There seemed none in the land and they must have gone when the ogre fell and was killed. So the dwarf and Jack boldly took all the treasure and made a heap of it close to the place where the beanstalk landed them. When it had grown to a great size, they started to divide.

And, it so happened that the treasure was unequal at the last! But Jack gave the greater share to the dwarf who had helped him by giving him the pot that could cook without fire.

"The gift is gratefully shared," declared Jack, "I give you more than I take of it myself and do it with a grateful heart."

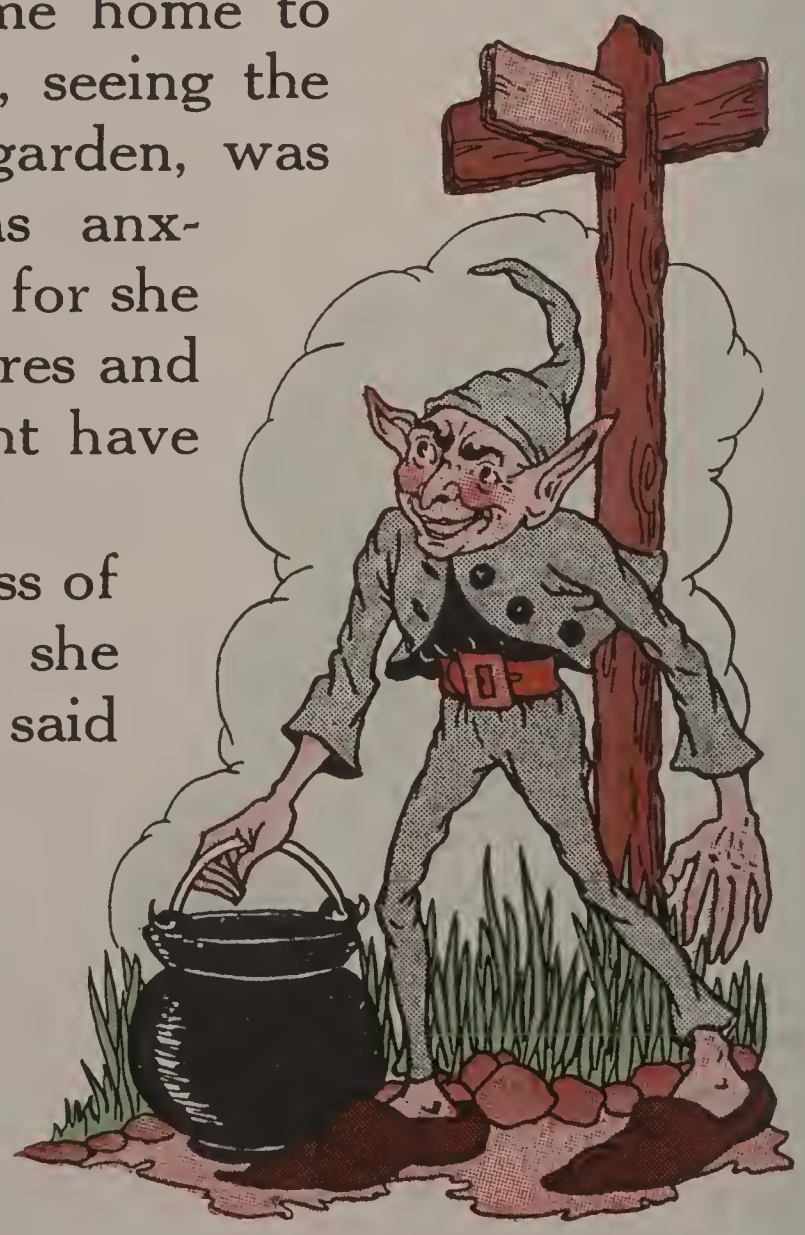
Then the most strange thing happened! Suddenly, the little gray dwarf, in the wink of an eye, became a

princess who was so wonderfully beautiful that there was none like her anywhere to be seen! "I have been enchanted," she said, "till such time as someone should give me a great fortune and divide more than half of a kingdom's riches with me. It was the cruel witch whom you saw who did it and this is why I gladly helped you with the gift of the kettle that would cook without fire. For my mother is the good fairy who helped you win back what the ogre stole from your father long ago and I am Princess of the Land of the Beanstalk."

At once, Jack fell in love with her and the two were soon wed. Then they came home to Jack's palace. His mother, seeing the beanstalk growing in the garden, was greatly surprised and was anxiously waiting Jack's return for she did not know what adventures and what dangers her son might have met with up there.

When she saw the Princess of the Land of the Beanstalk, she was happily delighted and said that she was happier than she had ever been before.

So the Fairy Godmother ended the tale of Jack's new beanstalk adventure. "The beanstalk still grows in Fairyland," she said. "If



After some time he came back with it.

you go there, you will see it some day, Rachel. Often Jack and the Princess go up it to the castle and they may decide to move in some day though they all like the cozy cottage best."

"I'm so glad that Jack did go to the magic land again," Rachel smiled. "I shall think about it often when I look at this picture, dear Fairy." And she gave the godmother's hand a little affectionate love-pat before it turned to the next picture in the **Fairy Book** and the story that was the tale of Little Red Riding Hood.

"Fairy dear," said Rachel, as the picture-book's leaf turned to the picture of the robins covering the sleeping Babes, "tell me that this story didn't end unhappily, please! It has always seemed such a sad story that I never really liked to read it as often as I do the other stories of the **Fairy Book.** I am always so sorry for the little lonely children in the wood."

"Just exactly!" the Fairy exclaimed, "of course you are but you see the story-book story ends where it seemed as if they lay there in the wood and died without finding a way out and that's where all the wrong comes! As the fairies know, they **did** find a way out and they did **not** die. The robins covered them with leaves to keep them **warm.**"

"Well, I'd like to know all about it," smiled Rachel. "I wonder how they did it?"

"If anybody tries hard enough, there's always a way out, my dear," chuckled the Fairy Godmother. "The trouble is that most folk never try hard enough. It's true of every kind of difficulty: just keep on trying and the difficulty will disappear."

"Well, I'll think of that," declared Rachel. "I often get discouraged trying to do my lessons. Next time I can't master a lesson, I'll think of it."

"Do!" urged the Fairy Godmother and then she began to tell the secret of

There was once upon a time when the Babes in the Wood were left alone in the forest. We have heard the story of it all and we know how they wandered here and there and, finally, because they were so tired lay down to sleep upon the forest moss. Then the robins came to cover them with warm leaves and they dreamed happy dreams. They did not die for it was an enchanted wood

and the good spirits of the woodland watched over them. They slept sweetly under the leaves and woke to hear the birds' first carol at dawn.

Above them sat a robin warbling. It was the little girl who saw him and the boy called out, "Little Bird! Little Robin, tell us how to find our way out of the wood!"

"It is a magic wood," the little bird sang. "In it are wonderful things. Fly up above the tree-tops toward the sky and you will see your way above the forest trees."

"Oh, we cannot fly, Robin!" cried the little girl. "We have no wings."

"Alas!" sang the Robin. "Then you must run past the brambles and underbrush as the rabbits do. I cannot tell you the way out of the wood that way. If you were but birds, you might fly high above the tree-tops and so see the clear sky and the end of the wood."

"We are tired," the little girl answered. "Is it a long way out of the wood, Little Bird?"

"A long way, even with wings," returned the robin in a warble.

"Oh, Little Bird, fly up to the tree-tops and tell us which way is the way to go if we would reach the end of the wood most quickly," the little boy urged.

So the robin flew high above the tree-tops and then flew back to where the two sat on the moss. And he told them what way to go. "But be careful," said he. "The wood is a magic wood! Turn neither to the right nor left or you will miss your direction! There are things here that you will want to stop to see and examine. If

you wish to reach home, go on without stopping or turning aside! The forest is full of strange beasts but nothing will harm you so do not be afraid."

So the Babes thanked the kind little bird and started off, hand in hand, in the direction where the tree-tops came to an end soonest.

"Do not stop on your way," sang the robin as the two waved farewell, "for to stop will be to miss your way! Good-bye!"

The forest was beautiful! It was full of magical singing brooks and each one had so many happy tunes to play that the children longed to wait and hear them through. Yet they were mindful of what the robin had said and the two passed by the brooks, crossing upon stones where the water was silver beside ferns and moss.

The flowers of the forest were like gems and they shone even in the dimness under the high forest trees. The children would like to have picked them for they had pleasant odors but the two remembered what the Robin had sung and they did not stop.

There were wonderful bushes, too, full of berries that were temptingly good. But these were magical berries, the children knew, and they did not stop to pick them.

But, at last, through the wood came a wonderful bright light that lit up the dimness. It twinkled and it shone with hundreds of beautiful colors and as the Babes came nearer, they saw that it was a great fir-tree that was a magical Christmas tree covered with burning candles of many colors. Tinsel shone bright upon it and costly

playthings that were more wonderful than any the children had ever seen, were growing on the magical fir-tree!

"Oh, Sister," urged the little boy. "Do let us stop and pick from the tree! We will never again see such a wonder! See that toy horse! Oh, what a horse that would be to play with!"

"I see! I see!" the little sister replied. "It is beautiful!" and she sighed for she saw upon the tree a doll that was dressed in ribbons and lace. It had long golden curls and it seemed to hold out its arms toward the little girl and beg her to take it.

But the little girl grasped her brother's hand firmly. "We must not stop," said she. "The tree will lead us astray from the right path if we but stop a moment to play with it. Turn your head in the other direction, Little Brother. Do not look at the toys! If only we might stop! Yet we must do as the little bird told us!"

"Let us pick just one of the toys," he begged.

But the little sister would not let him stop and she urged him away. "At home," she said, "there are plenty of toys, Brother."

But the little boy looked back toward the tree till it was lost to sight in the thickness of the magical forest.

Hardly was the tree lost to sight when the two came upon strange bushes that were laden with sticks of candy and lollipops. Never had they seen such candies! And the bushes were thick with them.

"Let us pick just a few," urged the little brother. "I am hungry." And he snatched at the bushes as his

Strange bushes were laden with sticks of candy and lollipops.

little sister led him past. And the bushes drew back as his hands touched the dainties and he dragged backwards to catch at them again. The little sister dared not look at the goodies herself for she longed to pick them. She hurried her brother forward.

"Just a few! Just a few!" wailed the little brother. "It is cruel of you not to let me stop! We could fill our arms full in no time at all and we need not lose the way! Let us have a taste!"

"At home there will be food," the little sister answered. "Father has candy waiting. He has a store of it all ready for us when we reach the castle."

Yet the little boy dragged back and he kept wailing that he wanted to go back. If it had not been for his sister, he would have done so but she held his hand tightly.

Presently, the magic wood was left behind.

At last the wood grew darker and darker. The glints of sunlight that filtered through the leaves of the thick forest trees vanished. And the children knew that twilight was coming on for the sun had set.

"Let us rest, Little Sister," begged the little boy. "I am very tired. See, yonder is a soft bank we could lie down upon and rest. It is getting toward bed-time."

"Alas, Little Brother," replied the little sister. "I know you are tired. I wish that we could stop! But remember that this is a magical wood and that the little bird told us not to stop till we were out of it."

"He might come again with his brothers and make us a warm coverlet of leaves," urged the little boy.

But the sister drew him on through the gathering darkness.

"Alas! I am afraid, Sister," cried the little boy as some strange gray beast ran past them in the dark. "Let us climb a tree and sit there till morning. I do not like the dark!"

But the little girl replied, "Brother, if we go straight on, nothing will harm us!" And she held tight to her brother's hand to reassure him. "I am here," said she, "remember what the little bird said, dear! As long as we go straight ahead, we will come to the end of the forest even in the dark and as we have gone far, the end must come soon."

And so they went on. Often they saw strange shapes that seemed like elves or fairies. Sometimes they heard strange sounds of wonderful music that seemed to be enchanted. But the two were no longer afraid for they knew that nothing could harm them. The little bird had told them this.

Gradually, after the long night, the daybreak came into the wood and bits of dawn-pink sky showed through the forest leaves and the leaves glinted with the first rays of morning sun. And the children saw that the trees were growing less dense and they knew that at last they were close to the end of the magical forest! They did not then know that the cruel stepmother had died.

"It is a magic wood," the little bird sang.

How they ran then! Ah, it did not take long for them to find the open fields that lay beyond the forest! And as they came out from among the bushes at the edge of the forest, they saw before them on a hill the castle where their father lived!

As they ran toward it, they met him, for he was looking for them. "A little bird told me you would come," he said. "I am glad you turned quite aside from the wonders you must have seen in the forest! If it had not been that you came straight home, you would no doubt have been lost and I should never have seen you again."

And so he took the little sister and the little brother by the hand and the three went back to the castle that was **Home.** There, the children found a wonderful Christmas fir-tree ready and waiting for them. Upon it was a toy horse for the little brother and a doll all ribbons and lace for the little sister. Tinsel glistened on it! Beautiful candies hung from its branches! And the

two children forgot that they were tired and they danced about the tree and sang songs.

And so they lived happily ever after. Sometimes the robin flew up to the castle and sang with them. "Home, home is best," he caroled.

The little sister and the little brother never went into the magical wood again but they often took food and sprinkled crumbs at the edge of the forest for the birds who had taken such good care of them. And at these times, the robin went with them and he sang, "I-love-you! I-love-you!"

"And so," said the Fairy Godmother with a smile, "that is what happened to the Babes in the Wood! They did exactly as the robin told them to,—and that's why the robin's song of home is worth hearing." And then she turned the leaf of the **Fairy Book** to the next story.

"I know what happened to Dick Whittington, Fairy Godmother!" laughed Rachel. "He became Lord Mayor of London. He married Alice, the merchant's daughter. She must have been ever so good. I'm certain I would have loved her because she was so kind to Dick."

"She **was** good,—I mean she **is**," corrected the Fairy. "And she is ever so fond of Dick's cat. Indeed, if a pussy cat can be spoiled, Alice surely spoils Dick's. But it is a most remarkable animal, I'll grant! Just exactly! Quite right, of course!"

"Of course," echoed Rachel. "But please start at once and tell me all you can. I want to know it all, Fairy dear! I want to know if Dick's cat was black or white—or what color it really was."

"Something like yours," chuckled the Fairy glancing to where Rachel's pet lay purring in the hearth's glow. "Ever so many other children have cats that are like Dick's. I only hope that they take as good care of their pets!"

"I take good care of my cat, you may be sure, Godmother," said Rachel—"but really, I want the story so please, please do hurry and begin!"

And so the Fairy Godmother commenced the story of

There was once upon a time a poor boy whose name was Dick Whittington. We know all about how he went to London to make his fortune, thinking that the streets were paved with gold. He found no guineas in the London streets, to be sure! The best he had was a rat-infested attic chamber. At first he had nothing to eat but at last he was taken into the home of a rich London merchant, Mr. Fitzwarren, where he helped the cook in the kitchen and ate the scraps that she might choose to give

him. We remember the cook's temper and we also remember how good Alice was to the poor lad who lived in the attic.

The Fairy paused and Rachel smiled encouragingly and nodded. So she went on,—Of course, we remember how Dick bought his cat for a penny and how it rid the attic of rats and how, also, Alice would have it that he send his cat on her father's ship to Barbary as a merchant venture.

"Yes," assented Rachel. "I remember it all, Fairy dear! Please begin the real story!"

"All in good time," answered the Fairy. "We remember how the ship's captain sold Dick's cat to the King of Barbary for a fortune because his kingdom was infested with rats and mice and they had never before known of such a beast as a cat. All this, I am certain you will remember but now, Rachel, I'm going to tell you the rest of the story and that is, what happened to Dick Whittington's cat after it went to Barbary."

At first, because it had cost the king so much money, Dick Whittington's cat was shown to the nobles who made long journeys to see a beast so new, so costly, so strange and so useful. All delighted to see it, and play with it, and pet it. It was kept closely confined in the palace and not allowed to roam at all. A great to-do was made over it and the Queen of Barbary was never tired of calling, "Putty, putty," which she meant to be, "Pussy, pussy," as she had heard the ship's captain call the cat. It was all the English that she had ever known

and it pleased her to make believe that she could speak a language she did not know.

As for the king, he allowed the cat to sit upon his royal silk robe and the black hairs that it shed were carefully picked off by courtiers and tied with strips of silken thread into small bunches. These the courtiers wore as one might wear a costly jewel. They were also special marks of the king's favor. And as Puss was at this time shedding her coat, the courtiers vied with one another to pick the hairs that she shed.

Day by day, Dick Whittington's cat grew more and more sleek and handsome. She had so many mice to eat that she began to grow fat. She began, also, to tire of the rats and mice of Barbary and to long for the familiar roofs of London.

The cat had never had her freedom. In Barbary, she had been carefully housed. Even upon the ship, when she had come, she had been free to roam where she willed. But now, being so very costly a pet, she could never get beyond the palace where she was always watched by a retinue of special servants.

But as time went on, Puss grew more and more restive under this treatment. One day when the king was stroking her rich, new sleek coat of fur, Puss could stand the petting no longer and she turned and waved her tail angrily backwards and forwards—always wilder and wilder till, at last, she turned about and scratched the royal hand as cats will do when out of temper.

It caused a commotion, we may be certain! All the court was in an uproar! The queen fainted. There was running to and fro with ointment for the king's scratch and bandages for the royal hand. The court physicians were sent for. There was a great to-do! And in the excitement, the court and the king forgot all about Puss, who darted through the door that was left unguarded.

Out of this door went Puss, who was clever enough to go fast and far. She darted over the palace grounds and was soon in a grove of cocoanuts where she hid at the top of a thickly-leaved cocoanut-palm among the branches, entirely hidden from sight. She stayed there for a long time—till long after she had been missed, for, frankly, the tree was tall and hard to climb down and Puss did not know what to make of the monkeys and parrots of the wood.

She did not come down when she heard the queen afar off calling at the palace gate, "Putty, putty, putty," which she knew very well was intended to be, "Pussy, pussy, pussy!"

Yet Dick Whittington's cat sat still in the top of the cocoanut tree and was so hidden by the leaves that she did not know what way to go first when a monkey pulled her tail. She was afraid, too, that she might be caught and kept indoors again and she longed like all cats for freedom.

At last, when night had come, the wood was darkened and Puss felt her way down the trunk of the tree carefully. It was moonlight and Puss felt very much at

She stayed there for a long time.

home. She crept through the leaves and scrambled from the tree and ran as if dogs were after her. For a long time she ran aimlessly till she found herself near the shore where there were rocks and along these she crept, thinking of the London roofs.

At last what should she see but a ship very like the one in which she had come to Barbary. It was anchored at the near-by wharf and Puss, thinking it home-like, jumped aboard and was soon concealed in a sheltered spot. Here she felt happy and at home so she decided to take a nap.

Now it happened that the ship was from London, though it was not one of Mr. Fitzwarren's ships. It had come with cargo from another London merchant who had heard of the lucky venture of Mr. Fitzwarren upon the coast of Barbary.

That evening, shortly after Puss had gone aboard and had fallen asleep, the good ship set sail in return for London town and it was not long before the sailors found Puss. They knew nothing of her having been sold to the King of Barbary and tho' they marvelled much to find a cat, they gladly kept Puss to eat up the mice on shipboard. Her appearance was a great surprise and all made much of Puss.

When the ship reached London and anchored at the wharf, Puss was on deck sunning herself and, seeing familiar roofs, she decided upon adventure.

As she strayed along the narrow streets, suddenly she

They say a cat will always find its way home.

heard strange noises and a band, and much cheering. Before she could think which way to go, there came a procession and, bewildered, poor Puss jumped wildly through the crowd. What was her surprise then to see her master! He was in the procession and as she darted under the wheels of the coach, he called, "Puss! Puss!"

At once, she knew his voice and ran to him! He was about to enter a great building where there was to be a banquet. Dick Whittington had been made Lord Mayor of London and the feast was in his honor. All the rich merchants of London had been asked to it as well as the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and the king and queen.

"My cat!" exclaimed Dick Whittington, "she has returned to her old home and her master! They say a cat will always find its way home, but I did not dream it could do so from so remote a place as the Kingdom of Barbary in Africa!" And he gave orders that she be placed upon a cushion beside him in the banquet hall and be given a saucer of good thick cream. "My cat has come home to help me celebrate," he laughed, "let us all make merry too."

And this is the story of what happened to Dick Whittington's cat that lived happily all its days in London.

Alice, Dick's wife, is never tired of telling of the cleverness of the cat that came back from Barbary all alone. And when the next ship of Mr. Fitzwarren's sailed for that country, there was on board a present for the Queen of Barbary. It was a basket of four little kittens.

Rachel clapped her hands as the Fairy finished the story, "Hurray for the cat that belonged to Dick Whittington," she beamed. "I'm so glad that Puss found her own master and reached home safely! Alice must love her!"

"She does," answered the Fairy Godmother. "Wouldn't **you?**"

And the two chuckled and turned over the page to the next story that was the story of What Happened When Sleeping Beauty Awoke.

Little Rachel looked down at the picture of Sleeping Beauty in the **Fairy Book** as the Fairy turned the leaf and smoothed out the page. It was a lovely picture and the castle must, indeed, have been beautiful when it all came to life again! In the **Fairy Book's** picture, Sleeping Beauty had just awakened and the Prince was standing by her. "Oh, I should like to have gone to the wedding," sighed Rachel. "I suppose you were there, Fairy Godmother?"

"I was," returned the Fairy. "Of course, I was! It wouldn't have been right for **me** to miss an event as important as that one was in Fairyland! To be sure, I was there. My! But it was a fine wedding! And both lived very happily afterwards. The two were so happy, my dear, that there is no real story for a long time. But it was the little prince, my child, who upset the castle! I'll tell you about **him!** He was exactly like his mother—and willful as well as most unusually handsome."

Rachel climbed up on the arm of Father's big armchair closer to the Fairy Godmother and the Fairy Godmother began the story of

There was once upon a time when the Prince came a-wandering through the Enchanted Wood toward the castle where Sleeping Beauty lay on her couch waiting to be wakened. This was the time that he awakened her with a kiss, when all the castle became alive with the breaking of the magic spell. Then there was a bustle and a stir—business everywhere! And it did not take long for the Prince to order the castle coach to start to make

ready for the royal wedding and send messengers to make ready for the princess' coming.

As I have said, there never was such a fine wedding as that one! Everyone in Fairyland came—and you should have seen the gifts and the wedding-cake, my child! I'm certain there never was such a one before!

The wedding-bells rang and Sleeping Beauty married her Prince and they lived happily for many years. There was a great to-do over the young heir and it wasn't very long before everybody found out that he was quite as willful and quite as handsome as the son of Sleeping Beauty was expected to be!

As soon as the young prince was old enough, there began to be talk about his christening. As was the custom, all the fairies were invited. His mother, Sleeping Beauty, was loath to invite the old fairy who had once done her so much harm, herself. In vain did her husband plead that if it had not been for the so-called ill wrought by the fairy, he might never have come to the Sleeping Castle in the Enchanted Wood and found his princess. Sleeping Beauty could only say, "No. The old fairy shall not be invited to the baby's christening!"

"Then, if you omit her from the festivities," declared her husband, "you know well that she will be offended and that trouble will be sure to follow! She will cast an enchantment over the young prince even as she did over his mother!"

So they pondered as to what to do.

At last the queen agreed to invite the old fairy lest she revenge herself and do evil if not invited. So the seven fairies who had come to Sleeping Beauty's christening were invited and the old fairy was asked with them.

The whole palace was full of gaiety when the appointed day arrived. All the palace was decorated with flowers. The baby was dressed in lace that was as fine as a fairy cobweb and the king and queen were arrayed in costly brocades of silver and gold, studded with gems. The table for the feast was spread with a cloth of spun-gold made by the mountain elves out of sunrise threads. There was a service of golden plates wrought like golden cowslip-flowers by the fairies themselves. The castle cook had created a christening-cake that was a marvel and the seven fairies and the old fairy who were invited to the feast were each to have as a christening remembrance, a golden crown. One crown was set with diamonds; one crown was set with pearls; one crown was set with emeralds; one crown was set with topaz; one was of rubies; one was of amethysts; one was of opals; and one was of sapphires. These crowns were given out to the fairies as each came, in turn, and as it so happened, the opal-studded crown fell to the old fairy who came next to the last!

Now, as we know, there is a saying that the opal is unlucky. And no sooner had the old fairy received her gift than she had a tantrum! "Yes, yes!" she screamed. "Give me opals! Well, I will see that ill-luck does not come to me. It shall all go to the young prince and the

baby shall inherit his mother's love of spindles and the thirteenth time that he pricks himself, he shall fall asleep as his mother did. If there be no unknown princess near him when that fatal time arrives, woe be to the prince, for his wound must be bound up at once by her lest evil come to him forever after." And so saying, she cast the opal crown from her and flounced out of the christening chamber.

Lucky it was, however, that the fairy of the sapphire crown came after her. In some measure, she was able to weave another spell that should help the young prince. It was to be her gift.

"Alas!" cried the queen, "why did I ask the old fairy! I should not have had her at the christening! What can be done! Alas!"

"Good Queen," declared the Sapphire Fairy, "be of good cheer! I shall give the prince the royal gift of happiness and content; whether waking or sleeping all will go well. The other fairies have made the young prince handsome, good, clever, learned, courageous, and successful in all he undertakes. I will give him Happiness and Contentment. No ill can overcome Happiness or Contentment. He who has them as the gift of a fairy cannot be unhappy."

Now, the king, in hopes of preventing a danger, immediately issued a proclamation through his realm: There should be no spinning at all; every spinning-wheel was to be burned up and no more were ever to be made;

under penalty of death, all spindles in the kingdom were to be destroyed immediately.

The king and the queen were always anxious concerning the young prince, as he grew. He was carefully watched during all his babyhood but he had inherited his mother's willfulness and his nurses were kept busy watching that he did not pursue mischief on which he might be intent. Always, as he grew older, he had a bodyguard of twelve trusted soldiers and twelve vigilant tutors.

But in spite of the close watching, the young prince was always happy and content for he had the gift of the sapphire fairy. And the gift of the sapphire fairy went with him wherever he was.

He was a charming prince, strong, and handsome. He was adored by the king and queen. And shortly after his fifteenth birthday, he announced that he was now quite grown-up and that he did not need a body-guard of twelve soldiers to take care of him and that he would no longer be ruled by twelve tutors! Indeed, he was as willful as might be expected. And at last, the king, his father, agreed to keep the body-guard for state occasions and to keep but one tutor who should instruct the prince thoroughly concerning all the mischief that there was in spindles and spinning-wheels.

So the prince continued happy and took his airing with his one tutor in the palace gardens.

Now, one day when the prince was in the palace garden that had a high stone wall all around it, the tutor,

Boy-like he clambered over the high stone wall.

thinking the prince fully occupied for the moment with his book, withdrew to fetch him one that had been forgotten.

Then, the old fairy who was watching for the chance, observed that the prince was alone in the garden and she flew like a dark bird over the spot where the prince was seated and dropped a wonderful jack-knife down from the skies. It fell at the prince's feet and when he looked up to see whence it had come, there was nothing to be seen but a dark bird hovering there.

So he picked up the knife and examined its blades. It

When the Queen kissed him he awoke.

was the very kind of knife that any boy might like for his pocket and the prince was delighted to have it. He picked up a stick and at once began to whittle. And then he observed that his tutor had left him alone and that he was quite free to do as he chose!

In an instant, the prince began to long for adventure and, boy-like, he clambered over the high stone wall of the castle garden, grasping the vines till he reached the top to drop upon the other side as happy as a lark.

The old fairy, of course, was responsible for it all and the knife was enchanted. No sooner had the prince taken it from his pocket again than he began to whittle a spindle about which he had been studying with his tutor. "I will but see if I can make one," he thought and he did not know that the knife was magic and could only whittle spindles.

Alas! He had no sooner completed his first spindle than he pricked his finger and fell fast asleep among the ferns in the wood. But he was not there long for the tutor came back and sent for the body-guard of twelve soldiers who set out at once with the king and queen to find the prince.

When the queen kissed him, he awoke. "Oh," said he, "I have had a most happy dream, mother! I have dreamed of a princess who is fairer than dawn—I have never seen so fair a one except in this dream! Would that she might be real!" And when questioned concerning his escapade, he said that he had a right to know what lay beyond the castle wall for he was now quite grown-up.

But the king found the spindle lying upon the grass near the prince and he questioned him further. When he found that it was the prince's own curiosity that had whittled a spindle to see what one looked like, he took the knife away and commanded that all jack-knives as well as spindles be burned up also.

Days came and days went. The young prince continued his study of spindles with his tutor but he longed more than ever to dream of the princess again. "It is a spindle dream," he thought, "and if I can but make me another spindle and prick myself again, the dream may come back and I shall see again the princess who is fairer than dawn." And the more he thought, the more anxious was he to find out if the princess of his dreams were real.

He found a dagger one day and began to whittle with it in secret. And he pricked himself and fell asleep again and this time, too, he dreamed of the princess who was fairer than the dawn.

When they wakened him, they saw only the prince's own dagger lying close by but they burned up the spindle which they thought must have been put there by the old fairy through some evil enchantment.

And so, many other times, the prince carved spindles with his dagger, pricked himself, and dreamed of the princess who was fairer than the dawn. Nor did the court dream of the danger! As for the prince, all he thought of was of the princess and all the lore of spindles that the tutor had taught him was as nothing!

At last one day, he resolved to seek the princess and find if she were more than a dream. So he clambered over the castle wall as the chance came to be unobserved and he dropped on the other side where lay the beautiful forest.

For a long time, he wandered through it—on and on and on. He did not find the princess who was fairer than the dawn and so he continued his search till he had gone far beyond the boundaries of the kingdom and had entered a strange land. Here, he saw a tall tower upon a mountain top and, thinking that perchance the princess might be there, he made his way thither.

In this tall tower, however, the cruel old fairy had placed a spinning-wheel ready for the prince's coming. And it was her evil spell that was guiding him. Moreover, she well knew that if he pricked himself this thirteenth time, he would never waken unless a strange princess were by to bind up his wound. And there was no princess within leagues of the tall tower, as she well knew.

Alas and alas!

But the tutor and the body-guard, the king and the queen were all out hunting for the prince as soon as his absence was noted. Such a to-do as there was! Yet nobody could find the prince!

The queen instantly notified the Sapphire Fairy of the calamity before she left the castle, for she felt certain that this was the doing of the old wicked fairy and she

knew that the Sapphire Fairy, alone, could break the magic spell.

So the Sapphire Fairy looked into her magic mirror and saw there the tall tower with the prince wending his way up toward it! Quickly, she flew to the lands that lie afar and in the twinkling of an eye, she had found a princess who was magically lovely. She waved her wand and the princess was no longer in the far land but in the tower where stood the spinning-wheel.

There, the prince had already come but two minutes before! He had seen the spinning wheel and had started to examine a real spindle, when he pricked himself and fell asleep for the fatal thirteenth time!

But as soon as the princess arrived, magically, even though she knew not how she had come, she saw the poor prince's bleeding hand and at once bent over him to bind it in her kerchief.

At once he woke,—and there before him was the princess of his dreams. She was, indeed, more wonderfully beautiful than the dawn! Her hair was golden; her eyes were sapphire blue; and her cheeks were like roses.

"You are come, my princess," he cried. "I have at last found you and you are more beautiful than any dream! Oh, I am happier than I have ever been before!"

So the two were wed and they journeyed back to the castle where Sleeping Beauty and the King were mourning the loss of the prince they could not find. There was great rejoicing over their coming and the Sapphire Fairy arrived also. She had had to guard the pair

on their homeward way lest the bad old fairy be at her evil tricks again and, somehow, prevent their reaching home.

The bad fairy was so angry that her plans had not carried out as she desired that she stamped her foot and fell into a tantrum and the tantrum was such a bad tantrum that she never came out of it and she lost all her magic powers. Nor has she ever been heard of since!

All the seven good fairies came to the wedding of the prince and his princess and they all lived happily ever after.

The Fairy Godmother finished the story and turned the leaf of the **Fairy Book** over to the next. Rachel said nothing. She was still dreaming of Sleeping Beauty and thinking of the wonderful things that had happened after her awakening. It had been a very wonderful, wonderful story, the story of the young prince! She wondered if sometime she might not meet a real Prince like him.

Secret Nine

"The next story is the story of Red Riding Hood," Rachel said, as she helped the Fairy turn over the leaf of the **Fairy Book.** "If Little Red Riding Hood had obeyed her mother when she went on the errand to her grandmother's house, I suppose she never would have met the wolf."

"She might have met him, but surely she wouldn't have got into trouble," the Fairy Godmother replied. "She was disobedient certainly! But are you always good, Rachel?"

Rachel considered. "I'm trustworthy, Fairy," she declared stoutly. "I don't mean to be naughty."

"Neither did Red Riding Hood," the Fairy answered. "Maybe you have other faults that are quite as much faults to be conquered, my dear! Little Red Riding Hood surely conquered her disobedience and overcame her naughtiness! I'll tell you about it." And so the Fairy Godmother began the secret of

There was once upon a time when Red Riding Hood's mother made her a pretty red cloak and gave her a basket of cheese cakes and cookies to carry as a present to her grandmother who lived in a cottage near a wood.

"Be a good little girl," her mother cautioned. "Don't stop by the way but go straight to Grandmother's house through the wood."

And Red Riding Hood started out, resolving to do just as her mother said.

She had not gone very far upon the path, however, when she saw some pretty flowers and she loitered along to pick them. She quite forgot that her mother had told her not to stop along the way. And when the wolf came along and began to talk to her, he saw just what kind of a little girl she was—not reliable!

Then, as she was taking her time, he resolved to run ahead of her to the grandmother's house. And he did. If she had not loitered on the way, of course, she wouldn't have got into trouble!

Well, the story in the Fairy Book ends just where the wolf tried to eat Red Riding Hood all up, you remember! It says that—but it doesn't tell all,—for that's only half! Red Riding Hood was very quick-witted. "Oh, Wolf," she cried. "The cheese-cakes are in my little basket. Eat one of them instead of me! They are ever so good!"

"I do not want the cheese-cakes," growled the wolf, trying to catch Red Riding Hood, who had escaped and had hidden behind a table. "I like little girls best!" And he growled harder and showed his red, red tongue and his white, white teeth. "Gr-r-r-r-r! Woof!" said he. "I'll catch you!"

But Little Red Riding Hood was very nimble indeed. As she dodged around the table, suddenly she came to the open door of the cottage and out she ran as fast as her two feet would carry her! She ran and she ran, calling, "Help! Help!"

A woodcutter in the forest nearby heard her and came running with his axe and she told him all about the wolf.

"We'll soon settle him," the woodcutter cried, running to the cottage with his axe. Yet when he reached the cottage with Red Riding Hood, there was no wolf to be seen! He had run away as soon as he heard the woodcutter coming.

But who do you suppose was in the cottage? Why, there was grandmother trembling all over with fright, as scared as she could be for fear that something had happened to Red Riding Hood, for she herself had not been eaten up at all. She had been hiding down cellar where she ran when she saw the wolf, to be sure! As soon as Red Riding Hood's cry for help came to her, she darted out and down the path after her. She was not hurt at all but she threw her arms around Little Red Riding Hood and cried because she was so happy that nothing terrible had really happened.

But the woodcutter said, "We'll have to catch that wolf, we will! What can we do about it but set a trap?" So he looked about for something with which to tempt the appetite of the old wolf who had run away with all the basket of cheese-cakes that Little Red Riding Hood had brought with her. "Go home and get me some more cheese-cakes, Little Red Riding Hood," said he. "Do not loiter by the way again for we are in a hurry to set the trap. Go along the path homeward as fast as you can and ask your mother for more cheese-cakes, please."

At first grandmother did not want Red Riding Hood

By and by she met a rabbit.

to go but the woodcutter said she would be all right on the path if she did not turn aside. So she put on Red Riding Hood's little red cape and gave her another basket and started her out.

There seemed no wolf to be afraid of any more. Little Red Riding Hood skipped along the path. She wanted to pick up some nice red apples as she passed by them on the ground but she remembered that her errand must be done at once and she meant to do right this time. By and by she reached home and her mother gave her some more cheese-cakes and told her to go back to the grandmother's house again and not stop by the way.

Little Red Riding Hood resolved to do as she was bid and she took her basket and went on the path through the wood. She did not stop by the way. But by and by, she met a rabbit who was nibbling a clover-leaf in the path.

"Hello!" said the rabbit. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to my grandmother's to carry her a basket of cheese-cakes," replied Red Riding Hood. "I must hurry along."

"I wish you would stop for a minute and play with me," said the rabbit. "I will show you how I can hop over a clump of fern. We will have a race!"

"Oh, no!" said Little Red Riding Hood, "though I would like to stop, I cannot play now. Some other time, I will play with you, little Rabbit." So she went on through the wood to her grandmother's house, just as she was bid.

When she reached it, grandmother had made a bright

cheerful fire and she and Red Riding Hood had a party together by the fireside with the rolls and butter-pats that were in the basket too.

"If you are ever sent again on errands, Little Red Riding Hood," said her grandmother, "remember: It is best to complete your errands before thoughts of play stop you."

And Little Red Riding Hood did remember it. When she did her errands after this, she never stopped by the wayside to pick flowers or play. She did exactly as she was bidden.

So the Fairy Godmother ended the story of Little Red Riding Hood.

Rachel, however, wanted to know more about the old wolf. "Did they catch him?" she asked. "What happened?"

"Why, to be sure they did!" cried the Fairy. "The woodcutter made Little Red Riding Hood a fur cap and muff and tippet out of his fur and she wears them in winter instead of the little red cape and hood."

"I always liked the story of Beauty and the Beast," declared Rachel, as the Fairy Godmother turned to the picture on the next page. "Beauty must have been very unhappy with sisters who were so mean and jealous. Somehow, I have always thought that Beauty was very much like Cinderella,—don't you think she is, Fairy Godmother dear?"

The Fairy smiled and nodded. Even the star of her wand twinkled. "The two are alike," she said, "very much alike,—only Cinderella has golden hair and Beauty has dark hair. They look much like sisters though and their castles in Fairyland are not far apart. They often go to the same balls and, indeed, they both look much as their pictures here in the Fairy Book show them. They are both good and beautiful."

Rachel looked hard at the picture-book picture of Beauty that lay in the Fairy's lap. "I want to hear all about her, if you please," she asked. "Do tell me!"

And so the Fairy Godmother began

There was once a time when Beauty married the Beast. That was when she had found out that his goodness and sense mattered more to her than his ugliness. And that, too, was the time when the enchantment was broken and he was turned into a wonderful prince.

We do remember all the story, without doubt, and want to know what happened to the two ugly sisters—they were ugly in temper as well as unpleasant to look upon. They were jealous and unkind. They were neither good nor sensible.

Both sisters had been turned, as punishment, into stone statues that stood at the palace gate that led to the castle where Beauty lived with her prince. And the enchantment was that they should remain there in this way till such time as they should be cured of their faults. I will tell you what happened, for it made Beauty most unhappy to see her sisters there!

The sight of the two stone statues made Beauty always very sad. "Alas," she cried, "I have all that may be desired but they are but cold to it all! Would that they might be human and warm again and be cured of their faults!" In the midst of her own happiness, she longed that others might be good, and happy, and sensible like herself. So she begged the Beast, who was now the handsome Prince, to intercede in behalf of her sisters. For her sake, he consulted with the fairy who had made the enchantment to ask if there might be some way to overcome it.

"Yes," she said, "there is a way but it is a hard way and it is only through Beauty that the spell may be broken. She must find out the way. I cannot tell it."

When the Prince heard this, he too was sad for he knew Beauty would remain ill at ease till she had broken the enchantment of her sisters who were the two stone

statues at the gates of her palace. Nevertheless, he told her what the fairy had said.

"Alas!" cried Beauty. "How am I to know what the act is that shall break my sisters' enchantment? I must go to my father and consult with him." So saying, she ordered the golden coach and set out upon her journey to her father's house.

Over hill and over dale, she drove; and while she was going toward a far-off hamlet at the edge of a deep wood she looked from the coach window and chanced to see a little old woman who was picking up sticks. The woman's back was bent under her load and she was poor and tattered.

"Stop the coach!" ordered Beauty. And out she jumped herself and would not let the groom go back to call the old woman. "Nay," said she, "I will go myself to speak with her, poor soul!"

She took the old dame into the coach with her and sat her upon a cushion. "Do not thank me," she smiled. "You would do the same, no doubt, if I were old and in your place and you were I!" And she bade the coach turn from its proper path to take the old dame and her bundle of sticks to her cottage.

When they reached there, the cottage was but a mean affair and a poor one. Nevertheless, Beauty was not too proud to enter, at the dame's request. She sat upon the stone hearth while the little old woman bent over the forest twigs and lit a fire to boil a kettle of tea. "It is all I have to offer," said the little old dame, "but though my

cup is chipped, I hope that the brew will refresh your journey."

So Beauty took the cup that was half broken and she drank from it. And because the old woman was really an old witch, the brew made Beauty twice again as beautiful, twice again as good, and twice again as sensible as before.

When she understood that it was a magic brew that she had been given, she begged the old dame for some to carry home. "I have two sisters, turned to stone because they are neither good nor sensible, but are proud and unkind," she said. "Tell me, Dame, if I might give them a sip of this to change them back to living women again?"

"There is no way to make human statues like those of your sisters drink the brew," said the old witch. "Yet, keep some of it, for I will try to help you break the spell and you may use what I have given you to make your sisters twice as beautiful, twice as good, twice as sensible as they would otherwise have been when the spell is at last broken." So she bade Beauty go on to see her father and ask him if he knew of anything either sister had ever done that was good or sensible. "For," said she, "then I may break the enchantment with your help, Beauty, according to your sisters' deeds."

So Beauty got into her golden coach again and she drove on to see her father. When she had stated to him the difficulty, he wept. "They were always unlike you, Beauty," he said, "but I will think and see if I can remem-

To boil a kettle of tea.

ber anything good or sensible that they have done." So Beauty sat with her arm about him while he thought.

At last her father broke the silence. "I remember," he said, "when you were all children together, that this unhappiness was not so. Then there was no jealousy or unkindness in your sisters. It is because they have thought selfishly of themselves and their own pleasures that they have grown cold and inhuman, and lifeless, and have become enchanted to stone. It seems to me, if they were truly unhappy over the fate of persons not themselves, who were poor and sad, the sight might melt their stone hearts and turn them back to living warm ones."

So Beauty went back to the witch and told her what her father had said.

"Alas, Beauty," cried the witch, "I see but one way: I must make you and your dear father poor, and old, and miserable, and unhappy! I must take from you all you have!"

"Not my Prince!" Beauty entreated. "Take all else! Nor do I begrudge it."

"There is no other way," returned the witch. "I must take all, and the Prince, too, Beauty. I must take all your beauty, all your wealth, all your happiness; but I will not and cannot take your goodness. I must make you old, and poor, and ugly, and unhappy, and destitute, and sad, and homeless. Nothing you now have may remain. It is the only way!"

"Be it then as you think best," answered Beauty. "If

"I hope the brew will refresh your journey."

I have one thing left, it will be my goodness and my father will still love me. I shall have him."

So Beauty went to her father.

As soon as she had reached his home, the witch's spell began. The golden coach vanished in the twinkling of an eye and Beauty became old, and ugly, and miserable. She and her father were sad and pitiable, for they had nothing left in all the wide world.

The old witch bade them go to the gate where the sisters stood as stone images, either side of the gateway to the palace.

"If the statues shed tears," said the witch, "then they will become human and the spell will be broken. If they speak, they will become as good as they were when they were children."

And so Beauty and her father went along the highway that led to the palace. It was a hard journey over hill and over dale and they were sad and unhappy, for they had nothing left in all the wide, wide world.

But at last they came to the palace gates, where the stone sisters stood, cold and lifeless and with hearts as cold as ice.

Beauty and her father passed by the sisters. It would have melted your heart to have seen them, for they were so sad and so poor and so destitute. And, as they passed by a strange thing happened, for the one stone sister turned to the other stone sister and the two seemed to say, "Alas! Is it possible!"

Then again, as the witch had bade Beauty, she and her father passed by the stone sisters.

This time, the statues stepped from their pedestals and they called, "Father! Beauty!" And the stone statues stood gazing till tears filled their eyes!

But as the third time came that Beauty and her father returned, as the witch had directed, they found the two stone statues were stone no longer. They were living human women who begged forgiveness for all their past unkindness and they put their arms around Beauty and wept that she should be as she was—so sad, so poor!

At this moment, the magic spell was broken and to Beauty and her father returned all that they had given up, even as warmth and human sympathy returned to the sisters who had been like stone.

And at the same time, the fairy who had made the en-

chantment appeared. "The spell is broken," she cried. "I, Beauty, am the old dame that you befriended in the wood. Give your sisters the magic brew that you too drank."

So all was well. She waved her wand and all that had been lost came back—even the Prince and the castle and all the worldly riches. And when the sisters had drunk the witch's brew, they too became twice as beautiful, twice as good, twice as sensible as they had been before.

Nor were they ever unkind or jealous after that. And when they had married princes that were, like them, good and kind and sensible, both lived in castles not far away from their father where Beauty and the Prince often came to visit them.

And all dwelt happily to the close of their lives in Fairyland.

Rachel clapped her hands. "I'm so glad they saved the cruel sisters and made them good and happy," she smiled. "And I know it was the only thing that would ever have made Beauty live happily! How very brave and beautiful Beauty was!"

"It's a good story," declared the Fairy. "I suppose you can guess who the fairy was?"

Rachel considered. Then she laughed. "You!" she declared. "You, of course, Fairy Godmother!"

The Fairy chuckled, "Exactly!" And then she turned the leaf of the **Fairy Book** over to the next page that opened to Jack the Giant-Killer.

"Jack must have been as brave as Beauty was when he slew his last giant and broke the black enchantment," said Rachel. "I have always wanted to know much more about him because he was so brave!"

The Fairy beamed as she said,

"Well, then, do you remember what first happened to him? If not, I will tell you." So she began to tell

Once upon a time, Jack the Giant-Killer, with his invisible coat and magic cap and shoes, prepared for the fray against the powerful giant named Galligantua. And when he had come to the giant's castle, he blew the golden trumpet that hung by a silver chain upon the gates; for he read the inscription upon it:

"Whoever shall this trumpet blow,
Shall soon the giant overthrow,
And break the black enchantment straight;
So all shall be in happy state."

Then, with the blast of the trumpet, the castle trembled and Jack cut off the giant's head at one blow. The whole castle was in confusion—and then vanished in the twinkling of an eye! All its lords and ladies who had been enchanted in forms of birds or beasts were set free by the magic blast of the trumpet and they journeyed with Jack to the Court of King Arthur where a beautiful duchess was given as a bride to Jack. And he lived happily with her for many years upon large estates that were granted him.

The Fairy paused a moment. "That's what the story-book story says," she said. "Now I'll tell you what happened afterwards, Rachel dear."

So Rachel curled closer and the Fairy commenced again,—Jack and his wife had a daughter who grew to be so very lovely that there was nowhere any damsel as lovely. He and his wife were justly proud of her for she was as good as she was handsome and as clever as she was good.

Jack vowed that he would not let her marry till he had found the bravest son-in-law in the world for her husband. And he announced that he would give her for a bride to the youth who should do the very bravest thing that could be done in the world.

The maiden was so lovely that the fame of her went forth over all the land and many rich merchants' sons as well as princes begged her father for her hand in matrimony.

But Jack said, "The daughter of Jack the Giant-Killer shall not marry till I have found for her the bravest man that there is in the kingdoms of the earth. I have said she may marry a king's son, yet if there is among the youth of all lands, even a peasant who is braver, to him will I give my daughter and they shall live in a castle upon wide and beautiful lands that I will give them. But I care not what the deed of bravery is, so long as it is the bravest thing of all. It must be as wonderful as my own deeds with giants."

So the princes and the rich merchants' sons went back to where they had come from and they wondered what brave thing they might do to win the hand of the daughter of Jack the Giant-Killer.

Some set out to kill dragons; others went upon far quests to deliver unhappy maidens from long enchantments; others still quested, they knew not where, in hopes that fate might send them a wonderful adventure.

Now it happened that there dwelt in a small humble cottage by a wood, a youth who toiled long and hard to

make a living out of a patch of poor ground that his father had left him when he died. The youth worked early and late, year in and year out to care for his old mother and he did all that he could to make both ends meet, though many times the wolf was at their door ready to devour them in their poverty.

When the youth was not tilling his plot of ground, he was in the forest chopping wood against the hard winter-time. He knew that he must have a good pile of wood to keep his mother warm.

"If I could but leave her," he mused, "I might win fame and fortune as others do who are no cleverer than I. Yet, my duty lies here." And so from day to day he worked hard to keep himself and his mother alive on next-to-nothing.

One day when he was tilling his ground, there stopped at his gate a prince who asked him for a drink of cold water. "I am very tired," he said, "for I have quested far in adventure. I am searching to find if there be left a giant whom Jack the Giant-Killer has not destroyed, for Jack the Giant-Killer has promised to give his daughter to the one who is bravest of all and there is but a year and a day for the quest of the giant I intend to find and slay. I have traveled from a far kingdom for the fame of the maiden's beauty and goodness is great."

The youth sighed as he gave the water to the prince. "I, too, would seek giants to slay," he said. "How great must be the courage to face this danger! Would that I might so test mine! But I cannot join the quest for I may

not leave my work that I do from day to day year in and year out, while the wolf is at the door ready to devour us in our poverty."

So the prince rode away and the youth went back to his work, singing to keep himself in good heart and cheerfulness.

Others passed by, even the sons of rich merchants. "Come with us," they said. "We will pay you well to help us. You may be part of our retinue when we go before Jack the Giant-Killer to tell of our exploits." And they offered the lad many inducements to leave his old mother and go with them upon adventures.

But he said, "I would fain see all that but my duty lies here and I must keep the wolf from our door. The quest is not for me. My duty lies here from day to day and I may not leave it." So he remained with his mother in the small humble cottage doing his daily duty with a cheerful heart and trying to keep the wolf from the door as best he could.

And so time passed.

It chanced, however, that at last the year and the day that had been granted by Jack the Giant-Killer for the quests was at an end. From far and near there rode towards Jack the Giant-Killer's estates, all the youths of the countries who had undertaken the quest. Each one hoped as he rode that his deed of bravery would be the bravest of all for, already, each was in love with the daughter of Jack the Giant-Killer.

When Jack the Giant-Killer saw the cavalcade, he smiled. "Ah," he laughed, "bravery doth walk abroad! How may I judge among so many valiant youths which one is bravest!" And he made a council of wise men. Together with them, he heard all the adventures that there were to be told by the youths who had gone upon the quests.

And the youths, who were princes' and merchants' sons, related their deeds: how they had killed fiery dragons; how they had met dangers; how they had delivered damsels from enchantments, and fought in battles.

At last there came one who had slain a great giant single-handed. Everyone thought that he deserved to have the daughter of Jack the Giant-Killer. All the wise men of the council nodded their heads at the close of his story.

But Jack stood up and bid the cheering crowd keep silence. "Is there any other who knows of a deed braver than this?" he asked.

At first, there came no reply. Then through the crowd, there came a little thin old woman bent upon a staff. "I can tell you of a braver deed," she said. "Listen: the youth will not come himself. He says he has only done his duty and that he has done nothing. He says that he may not be considered among so many braver men of deeds and he has but worked from day to day and kept the wolf from my door and so conquered poverty."

At the sight of the little old woman, the crowd hushed and Jack begged her to explain.

"My lord," she said, "my son has faced a greater giant than this one that is told of for he faced and battled with Poverty for more than a year and a day and it has been a terrible fight and a long one. No sooner was the wolf chased from the door than he came again and there was little enough in our humble hut with which to fight against him. But my son—for such is he—is the youth who has conquered poverty and single-handed won the battle. He has given me comforts for my old age and has done all that a good son should. To me, it seems that he has done bravely and more bravely than he who killed the giant that he quested into a far land to slay."

"Bring the lad here!" ordered Jack the Giant-Killer. "For he has indeed won my daughter's hand. It is not everyone who can battle hard and long with Poverty and keep the wolf from the door. It is a brave and glorious fight and a victory that only the bravest of the brave may have. It is a greater thing than to slay a dragon in a far land."

So the youth who had done his daily duty cheerfully and who had met and conquered Poverty and kept the wolf from the door was called and went before Jack the Giant-Killer. He was given his beautiful daughter to wed and they were married. Jack the Giant-Killer gave them a wonderful castle and many rich estates and also, he gave to the youth who had married his daughter all his own treasures and his swords of long ago. To him he also gave the invisible cloak, the magic cap and shoes.

"With these it is easy to slay giants and kill dragons," quoth he. "Yours is the truer courage for you have met discouragement, hardship, poverty and have battled with them and won and you have done your daily duty with a brave heart, cheerfully. May you live happy with your wife and your old mother all the rest of your days!"

The Fairy finished. "It is true," she smiled, "one can be very brave and yet not kill giants, Rachel. Oh, I know you did want to go to the party. And you were brave and did not cry! I know all about it, dear child!"

"Oh, I wasn't very brave," Rachel smiled. "But I do want to be! The next story in the **Fairy Book** is about Cinderella and I think Cinderella was lovely—ever so lovely! Don't you?"

The Fairy nodded and turned the page to the next story.

Secret Twelve

"This is the last secret in the **Fairy Book,** Godmother," sighed Rachel as the Fairy slowly turned over the leaf to the picture of Cinderella. "This is the story that I love best of all. It is the most beautiful of all fairy stories, I think—but I'm afraid when you finish the secret that you will vanish and I don't want you to go!"

"Little girl, I must," replied the Fairy Godmother. "You see, I have a good deal to do for other children, Rachel! I have to make up Christmas lists for Santa Claus and I have to tell dream stories that are lovely. I tell them to all good little children at night after the Sandman has been around. And when the dreams are loveliest, you may always know, Rachel, that I've been telling you a story again."

"I'll remember, Fairy dear," said Rachel. "Maybe some other time when I'm sitting by the fireside like Cinderella, you'll come to tell me more about Fairyland?"

"I'll try to," replied the Fairy Godmother, "but now I must begin this last account of what happened in Fairyland for your mother and Olive and Robert and Calvin will soon be home from their party and I must fly back to Fairyland." And she began to tell

There was once upon a time when the Prince placed Cinderella's glass slipper upon her foot. And it exactly fitted! That was the time when the two ugly sisters tried to squeeze into it and failed. Then Cinderella told them that the slipper was hers and she rode off with the Prince in his golden coach behind the six white horses.

"Alas," cried the cruel step-mother. "Who will do all the work now! There is nobody left to scrub the pots

and the kettles or cook for the family. Cinderella has become a fine lady and what shall we do! I am certain," said she, "I won't do the work!" And she looked at the two ugly sisters to see what they would say.

"I won't!" screamed the elder.

"I won't!" screeched the younger.

And the cruel step-mother put her fingers to her ears and ran out of the house as fast as her two feet could carry her, for she was too lazy to do anything anyway and she was afraid that all the work would fall to her if she stayed home.

When she had gone, the elder sister looked at the younger sister and her chin went up in the air. "Sister," she screamed, "you are younger than I am and I command you to clean up the pots and the kettles and to cook the dinner! I certainly shall not do it!"

"I won't!" screeched the younger sister. "If you are older than I, it is your place to do the work for the good times belong by right to the younger ones and I shall go to all the balls while you stay home and scrub. I surely will not do the housework! Don't depend on me! There's a sinkful of soiled dishes to wash and a dishcloth is handy. Begin the work that belongs to you at once!"

"I don't care!" cried the elder. **"I won't!"**

"Neither will I," retorted the younger and she sat down in a rocking-chair and twiddled her thumbs.

So the elder took another chair and she twiddled her thumbs too. And the two of them sat there and did nothing while the fire on the hearth went out for want

of wood and the kettle on the hob ceased boiling for want of a fire.

At sundown, both were hungry but neither one would get supper. At last, however, the elder sister rose from her chair and went out into the pantry. "I won't get supper," she growled to herself. "I will eat what there is on the pantry shelf and my sister will be forced to do some cooking."

So she helped herself to all there was on the pantry shelf and she ate, and she ate, and she ate, and she ate till there was nothing left on the pantry shelf but a cold boiled potato and a crust of bread.

Then she went upstairs to bed.

By this time, the younger sister stopped twiddling her thumbs and decided to eat what was on the pantry shelf too. She had resolved that she would not do any cooking, never at all! So she left the soiled dishes in the sink and the dishcloth on the hanger and she went into the pantry to find something to eat. But when she reached there, there was nothing but a cold boiled potato and a crust of bread.

When the younger sister saw the cold boiled potato, she sniffed. But as there was nothing else left on the pantry shelf, she was forced to eat the cold potato and the crust. When she had finished, she left the pantry door open and went upstairs to bed.

Now, the elder sister who had eaten so heartily slept very soundly. And the younger sister who had only the cold boiled potato and the crust of bread slept very ill.

She was hungry and she longed for more, but she was too lazy to cook it or to make up the fire. So she tossed and she tossed on her bed till dawn.

When the sun rose, the younger sister jumped out of her bed, resolved to stay there no more. "Oh, I am so hungry," she sighed to herself, "I suppose there is nothing for me to do but scratch a match and light the fire. The easiest thing to do is to boil a kettle and I will leave the plates for my sister to wash when she comes down. Yes! Yes! I will soil all I can find so that she will have plenty of work to do!"

But when the younger sister came down to the cold kitchen, she did not even know how to scratch a match! The fire would not burn, and soon she was covered with cinders on the hearth!

While she was angrily scolding at the fire that would not burn for her, there came a knock at the door: rat-tat-tat!

"Go away," screeched the younger sister angrily, "don't you know I'm busy!" And she kicked at the cinders on the hearth so that they flew all over her in a dust of ashes.

But the knock came again, rat-tat-tat!

"Begone!" shouted the younger sister. "Don't you know that you are not wanted!" And she scratched another match and tried to light the fire. But the match went out.

"I will not come in," said a voice at the other side of the door, "but if you would let me, I would show you

how to light a fire. I can see by the ashes and the smoke that you do not know how."

"Well, I fail to see how anybody can see through a door," sniffed the younger sister on her knees beside the hearth and all covered with cinders and ashes. "But if you can be of use, you may lift the latch and walk in. I will let you do the work for Cinderella has gone away with the Prince and my mother has also gone away. My sister snores upstairs on her bed and will do nothing and I have had only a cold boiled potato and a crust of bread since Cinderella left here."

So the door opened, and a little old bent woman hobbled in, leaning on a staff.

The little old bent woman looked severely at the younger sister and she said, "No. You mistake me! I did not come here to be your servant. But if you will, I can sit in this chair and tell you how to light a fire properly."

The younger sister was very angry at that. "Well, you won't be of much help that way," she growled. "I can surely do as well as any old bent dame like you!" And she tried again to make the fire burn. Yet, it would not. She stamped and she stamped till the ashes flew thick around the hearth. And at last she screamed to the little old bent woman, "I suppose, dame, you might as well tell me. You might as well be of some use since you sit there in the chair twiddling your thumbs and doing nothing!"

So the little old bent woman told the younger sister how to build a fire. "It will not burn from those sticks," she said. "Go out and get fresh dry ones and build up the fire with kindling."

The younger sister scowled and she muttered. Nevertheless, she went out to pick up sticks and she built the fire as the little old dame directed.

"Wash the dishes and cook the food," the little old dame directed. "I will tell you how to cook the food for I dare say you know less about that than you do how to light a fire."

"I know more than you do," returned the younger sister sulkily, but she was glad enough to be told how to cook something for she was very very hungry by now. She had to wash up the dishes as there was nothing else to cook with and she went about the work muttering because she **had** to do it, since there was nobody at all to cook for her.

"I suppose you know," said the little old bent dame, "I suppose that you know what is no secret at all about Cinderella?"

The younger sister made no answer at first and then she snapped out, "Oh yes! She did very well as a servant and she had no right at all in the Prince's palace!"

"Really?" said the little old bent dame. "You think you know all about it. Yet surely you will agree that if she had not been so beautiful the prince would not have fallen in love with her."

The younger sister said nothing.

"I suppose," went on the little old bent dame, "that you do not know what made Cinderella so lovely?"

Now the younger sister was at least honest with herself and she knew herself to be ugly. She sniffed and she snorted.

"It was because she was kind and good," replied the little old bent woman, "and she was never afraid of work. If you would like to be beautiful, I can make you so."

The younger sister sniffed as she replied, "You can do all that you wish in return for my hospitality," she said.

"Very well, then," answered the little old bent dame. "You must promise to do exactly as I command."

"I do nobody's bidding," scorned the younger sister.

"Then I cannot work the charm," replied the little old bent dame as she started to go away.

At last the younger sister called her back and consented to do as directed. The little old dame set her skipping across the kitchen as she had never skipped about before in her life. When she remonstrated, the little old bent dame reminded her of the promise and what it might mean if kept. So the younger sister washed the floor and she brushed up the hearth, and she scoured the pans till they shone, and she cooked such a handsome meal that she could hardly wait to eat it.

But the little old bent dame would let her eat nothing till she had set the table for her sister and herself. She made her put on a fresh cloth and clean plates and she told her to put some flowers in the centre of the table in a glass. And the younger sister, as she flew about doing these things grew more and more good-looking and less and less ugly.

At last, when the little old dame told her to go and call the elder sister to breakfast, the younger went quickly and opened the door of the chamber and called, "Sister, the meal is ready and waiting! Come down!"

The elder sister could hardly believe her ears when she heard this. She hopped out of bed and rushed down to the kitchen, consumed with curiosity.

When she came in, she thought that Cinderella had returned for the younger sister had become so wonder-

The little old bent dame reminded her of her promise.

fully beautiful. "Oh, Cinderella," said she, "you have found out about the Prince's mistake, have you not!" she scorned. "I see you are tired of balls and have come back here again."

But the younger sister replied gently, "No, Sister! I am not Cinderella. I am your younger sister who was so ugly a little while ago. This little old bent dame has worked a charm over me while I did my duty here and I have learned that real beauty is something everyone may have who chooses!"

The elder sister could not refrain from snapping out, "I don't believe you!" Yet she knew there was truth in what the younger sister had said and she knew she was herself ugly and she wanted to be lovely too. "Tell **me** how," she managed to snarl, while she ate the meal the younger sister had cooked and thought how well all the house looked. Secretly, she was jealous to find that the younger sister knew so much more than she did herself.

"The old dame will tell you the charm," declared the younger sister.

"You must do as I bid," said the little old bent dame.

At first the elder sister scolded but, at last, she decided to obey. So the little old dame sent **her** scurrying about the whole house as she had never scurried in her life before. The elder sister swept the rooms and made the beds. She cleaned and she dusted till the whole house fairly shone.

Then the little old dame cried, "Enough! Go look in the glass!"

But at last she decided to obey.

Both sisters went as bidden. And there they saw that they were, indeed, quite changed. They were very lovely except for the fact that both had a twist to the left over each eyebrow.

"There remains one thing more to do," said the little old bent dame. "This can only be gained by asking Cinderella's pardon. You must go to the castle and ask to be forgiven."

So the two set out and they went over hill and over dale with the little old dame till at last they came to the castle where Cinderella lived with the Prince.

When they reached there, Cinderella came running out to greet them. "How lovely you are!" she cried out.

And then the two sisters told her how sorry they were for all that they had done to make her unhappy. "We have learned what work means now," they declared. "We beg to be forgiven for our unkindness. We can ourselves cook, and clean, and sweep and wash," they said and they smiled at the old dame and at Cinderella.

Then, in a twinkling the left twist over each eyebrow disappeared and they were as lovely almost as the real Cinderella herself.

Cinderella asked both into the great ball-room where a ball was going on. And both sisters were so lovely that at once two wonderfully handsome princes fell in love with them.

They were married at once and both went to live in castles of their own. As for the little old bent dame, it was Cinderella's own fairy. She dropped her staff and her cloak and she made a magic wish then and there to call the cruel step-mother to the castle too.

When the cruel step-mother came, she saw how her two daughters had grown young, and happy, and beautiful, and prosperous. And she thanked the fairy godmother for all she had done for them. And she, too, asked to be changed like them; and she, too, asked Cinderella's forgiveness.

And so they were none of them mean, or selfish, or bad any longer and were all happy and good and beautiful.

The Fairy ended the story of Cinderella's sisters and closed the **Fairy Book.** "I was Cinderella's fairy and the little old dame," she laughed. "Remember, Rachel, that often in your dreams I will tell you other stories about what happens in Fairyland!" And she gave Rachel a little soft kiss that was like the touch of a flower—and then she was **gone!**

Little Rachel rubbed her eyes. Had it all been a dream? She wondered. The clock on the mantel over the fireplace was striking the hour and she heard the automobile with her mother, Olive, Robert and Calvin in it coming up the driveway. She hugged the dear **Fairy Book** tight in her arms as if it had been the Fairy Godmother and she smiled. "I am glad I did not go to the party," she whispered to herself. "I shall have ever so much to tell the others! Oh, I'm so glad that the Fairy Godmother came to visit me!"

Betty rubbed her eyes.
Had it all been a dream
She wondered. The
clock on the mantle
over the fireplace
was striking the
hour and she heard
the car with her
sisters in it came
trotting up to
came home. She
hugged the dear book
tight in her arms
it had been the
I am glad I did not go
she whispered to her
I shall have ever so
to tell
Oh! I
so glad that the
the fairy god mother
to see me!
THE
END

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